

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 602—VOL. XXIV.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1867.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00]

Uniforms and Liveries.

It might really have been hoped that among the many delusions our late civil war put an end to would have been that relating to objections to uniforms for civilians. Perhaps, however, it is well for the moral health of Congress that some pieces of clap-trap should flourish in perennial vigor. There must always be, in theatrical language, some rant which is sure to bring down the galleries. It is a trick of the stage perfectly understood that when the plot languishes the traditional Yankee (how unlike the real we need hardly say) advances to the footlights, and demands that the American eagle shall forthwith tear in pieces the British lion. The enthusiasm of the galleries never fails to be roused—the “gag” has done its part—and all goes on swimmingly to the end. No well-regulated mind objects to Congress having its cant phrases also. Their uses are obvious. They serve as a species of relaxation from the severer duties of debate. Nobody is blinded by resolutions passed under such circumstances. Whether the orator of the hour denounce the perfidy of England, declare his sympathy with the Fenians, threaten to kick France out of Mexico—now it is certain she has gone—extol the virtues of republican simplicity, and insist that American representatives abroad shall dress like their constituents at home, no one is deceived by the froth and clamor. It only means that when a certain amount of yeast has been worked off, the usual serenity of our representatives will be restored.

It is to be noted also that the period of return of those fits of tremendous virtue is tolerably well ascertained. There was some intermission during the war to the question of diplomatic and consular costume, perhaps because it was felt how supremely absurd it would be to make a fuss about our representatives wearing a distinctive dress, while we were placing in uniform hundreds of thousands of our citizens, military and civil. But now the last echoes of the war have died away, the old topics are indulged in by Congress, with, we are sorry to see, very little additional wisdom gathered from their experience. Most people remember how the modern phase of this dress question was developed. It was while Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State that

he sent a circular to our Ministers abroad (the United States have no Ambassadors) requesting them to wear at the courts to which they were accredited only the plain dress of an American gentleman. Of course this excited a great deal of ridicule, because such a dress was capable of numberless variations, from

was a grand diplomatic row, which was ended by the Emperor, who has a quiet dry manner of letting everybody make himself ridiculous in his own way, taking Mr. Sandford's part, and allowing him to appear dressed as much like a waiter as he chose. It followed naturally that when the news of the disturbance arrived at

remarkable success, probably because the keen common sense of the Americans has not failed to detect the hollowness of the pretense on which he sought to found a reputation.

Since that time little has been heard of this dress controversy, and it may be presumed that some of our representatives had begun to

array themselves like other foreign representatives at the courts they were accredited to, or at all events, unlike the crowd of lackeys who are necessarily in attendance. So much, however, may be inferred from the debates last week in Congress on a joint resolution “prohibiting persons in the diplomatic service of the United States from wearing uniforms not previously authorized by Congress.”

If members of Congress who are so terribly exercised by our citizens abroad wearing a little gold lace would look at things, and not merely at words, their deliberations would not be made the subjects of laughter and ridicule to sensible people. If, for instance, they would draw in their own minds a clear distinction between a uniform and a livery, and would inform themselves how far the exact limit of each extended, they would save us the pain of believing that they do not know, and will not learn the difference. It is not, however, at all difficult with a little ingenuity to make a plausible argument to show there is none in reality. What can it signify whether a man's coat be blue, gray, scarlet or violet, purple and canary? Whether it be short like a tunic, or hang down in tails below his knees? Whether gold lace be wrought into the collar and cuffs, or hang in a bunch of cord from the shoulder? All may be equally removed from that very vague quality called republican simplicity, which perhaps means pure black; but then the one is an honorable uniform worn by General Grant, and the other is a livery worn by menials. Neither would it be difficult to show by a process well-known to casuists that the various shades of color and different kinds of ornament, approach so near one another that the line of demarcation cannot be accurately



“LE LEVER.”—FROM A PAINTING BY DOUGEREAU.—SEE PAGE 51.

the deer-skins of the Western trapper, the home-spun of the South, up to the latest Parisian fashions found in our chief cities. Finally, an individual in the diplomatic service, carrying out Mr. Marcy's instructions, presented himself at the court of Napoleon III. in an evening costume. Of course there

Washington there was the usual amount of bounce in the House of Representatives. It was a glorious opportunity, and it was not neglected, to air the virtue of republican simplicity, but somehow or other, though our distinguished *attaché* was patted on the back by Congress, he has failed to achieve since any

defined. And then there arises another complication, for at all the courts in Europe, as well as in all houses of a certain distinction, there is a class of servants known as gentlemen out of livery, and to these is confided the more immediate and personal attendance on their masters. Now what is our unfortunate

representative abroad to do? If he puts any gold lace on his coat the wise men of Congress tell him he is a flunkey, and read him all sorts of absurd lessons about appearing in foreign manners, and the natural distinction every American citizen attains by "being a child of freedom." If, on the other hand, he goes to court in a plain evening dress, he will find most of those around him look on him as an upper servant of the household, simply because he is dressed like one and probably between a reproach by Congress and the sense of being made ridiculous where he resides, he will rather risk the possibility of the former than the certainty of the latter. The argument about attention to costume being a sign of a slavish mind may cut both ways, for, our theory being that all men are created equal, why should not a man, who by his position in life is obliged to wear a gaudy and bedizened coat, be the equal of the one who has three stars sewed on his collar? If you sneer at the former as being a flunkey, may he not retort and say he is equal to your major-general?

After all, dress, when it goes beyond the question of climate, is a matter of fashion; and for Congress to insist that its own ideas of what is a becoming dress shall rule the nation's representatives everywhere, is to insist on making them ridiculous, and so far diminishing their influence. It is all very well for Mr. Banks to indulge in his lofty platitudes, and to assert that in the undeveloped future America is to play the role of Carthage in ancient times (we really hope not), and to rule the world in fashion, morals and religion. When that time comes, we hope Congress will not reconstruct the dress of the world by decreeing, as it seems inclined to do now, that there shall be no dress at all. Perhaps, in anticipation of the great functions it is hereafter to exercise, it might be as well to try "its 'prentice hand" now to prescribing some uniform, not a livery, which may be legally worn by Ministers and Corsuls. Whatever the future may have in store for us, it is certain that the average American man does not yet carry with him any such peculiar majesty of demeanor that a distinctive costume is rendered unnecessary, and "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" should teach Congress that there are many things more ridiculous than allowing our representatives to maintain their dignity by the aids, adventitious though they be, usually adopted by other civilized countries.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1867.

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An Acceptable Present.

WITH NO. 21 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY we give to every purchaser a copy of the beautiful and popular engraving, entitled, "Grant in Peace." It is the same picture that we presented to the buyers of No. 39 of THE CHIMNEY CORNER, and which enlarged the circulation of that well-known and favorite journal. As it met with such a hearty welcome from the grown-up patrons and parents who patronize the latter publication, we have thought it would be likewise a pleasing gift to all the Boys and Girls who read the WEEKLY. The portrait was photographed expressly for Frank Leslie by Wenderoth & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a fine work of art, worthy of a frame.

Whitewashing Whiting.

THE Board of Health has just solved a difficult problem. No doubt they are well pleased with the result of their labors, but whether the public will be equally delighted may reasonably be questioned. What the Board had to do was to order the payment of a large sum of public money without there being the slightest pretense that it had been earned. The difficulty was how to sugar the pill. What plausible reason shall we give for paying Whiting for cleaning streets which it is notorious he has not cleaned for weeks past? Shall we say his contract was ambiguous? or boldly affirm the streets are not dirty, at least not dirtier than usual? or shall we throw the blame on somebody else? or get up some quarrel, and make a martyr of him? Such simple reasons have often enough mollified the public up to this time: why not rub them in once more? But the audacity of the Board of Health takes a wider range. They seem to be trammelled by vulgar precedents. It is all very well for people who are dependent on the suffrages of the public to give reasons or make excuses. They ac-

knowledge no such relations. They, servants of the public indeed! Not a bit of it; and they will bleed the treasury just as much as they please.

The proceedings of the Board on the 25th of March, as published in the daily papers, were of the following extraordinary character:

Corporation Counsel Richard O'Gorman then offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That upon the evidence before this Commission, its judgment is that the contractor, James R. Whiting, has not during the period for which he now claims the usual semi-monthly payment substantially complied with the terms of his contract.

If it had been added, that since the beginning of January the streets of the city had been untouched by broom and spade, that there never had been so universal a howl of indignation, as there has been for the past month, against the breach of faith of the street contractor in leaving the streets in the filthy state in which they were, not more than half the truth would have been told. The natural corollary to such a resolution "unanimously adopted," would have been—"Therefore, resolved, that the contractor be not paid for work he has not done, nor, as far as known, tried to do." But the Board of Health is not guided by ordinary rules, and therefore Jackson S. Schultz offered the following, which was also adopted:

Whereas it appears not only from the personal observation of commissioners but from the official records of the Metropolitan Board of Health that the weather for the month of March has been unusually stormy; and whereas it is claimed by the Contractor that for this and other reasons he has met with extraordinary embarrassment in the fulfillment of his contract, and the Commissioners believe that he in good faith intends to carry out its provisions; and whereas as a suspension of payment under his contract might result in the entire stoppage of the work, and the power of this Commission to make a new contract being doubtful,

Resolved, That the Commission, overlooking past omissions, hereby direct the Comptroller to pay to James R. Whiting, the contractor, the semi-monthly amount due under his contract, from the first day of March to the 15th day of March, 1867, both days inclusive, and that the Clerk be directed to send a copy of this and the foregoing resolution to the Contractor, and inform him that, the severity of winter being over, he will hereafter be held strictly to the provisions of his contract.

The plain English of which is that, after the thaw came, the streets were more dirty than usual, and Mr. Whiting could not or would not clean them. He only undertakes to clean streets already made reasonably clean by alternate rain and sunshine; but during the month of March nature did nothing toward cleaning streets, and therefore Mr. Whiting did less, and therefore let us pay him. It was his misfortune if the streets were unusually filthy, he was very sorry, and so was everybody else; therefore let us pay him for what was no fault of his. Now the streets are comparatively clean, perhaps he will keep them so. There is your money, Whiting; you've been a sad, dirty boy, but we hope for the future you will keep washed and fit to be seen, and that we shall hear no more complaints.

This may seem a light way of treating a very serious matter; but, after all, what is the use of being angry? The profoundest indignation of the public uttered through the press would not move these officials one inch. They are not appointed by the people nor responsible to them. They can do what they please with our domestic privacies, and under pretense of zeal for public health can send us to the hospitals or the lazaretto at their pleasure. It is perfectly notorious that for weeks past a few active men could easily have scraped and brushed off the three inches of fluid mud standing in Broadway. Mr. Edwin Brooks's "bridge," opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, showed how easily the whole thoroughfare might have been cleaned. What was "extraordinary embarrassment" to the contractor was a work of ease to a private individual; the former is paid an enormous sum for doing absolutely nothing, and the latter has the satisfaction of knowing that he has given the Board of Health and their contractor good reasons for being ashamed of themselves, if such an emotion could be supposed to invade official minds.

There are some plausible reasons for believing that, like some other animals, the Board of Health becomes torpid during the winter months. How else can the disgraceful state in which the tenement houses remain be accounted for? "Severity of the weather" may be an excuse, though a most lame and impotent one, for dirty streets, but it cannot affect the needed reforms in such buildings, except under the supposition we have named, of the semi-somnolence of the Board at this season. Surely it must have been asleep when, in spite of its vaunted vigilance, no fewer than four persons have been known at different times to have been killed by falling over a defective stair-case in one of the tenement houses under their supervision. The death of a fifth, with the inquest following, has brought some awkward facts to light, and as the Board is just beginning to stretch itself and yawn after its winter's sleep, perhaps it may have heard that it has been censured by the jury "for its gross neglect of duty in not inspecting and enforcing proper sanitary regulation in said house." Not that such a censure can affect the Board. It has a proper official contempt for all such impertinences. If it feel a momentary irritation, it turns to Whiting, extols his manifold

perfections, and consoles its wounded feelings by lavishing on its pet a large sum of public money, which he had not earned, but which it can gratify itself, and annoy the public by giving away.

Repudiation.

It will be a sad day for mankind when this question is made a party cry in the politics of the United States. Yet there are not wanting indications that this will be the case at no very distant time. We most sincerely wish it were otherwise. As in a besieged fortress it has sometimes been made a crime punishable by death to talk of surrender, so we who stand, as it were, in the very citadel of liberty, ought to inflict a heavy penalty upon any one who dares to speak of the forfeiture of our honor, no matter under what specious sophisms it be urged. The very mention of such a crime ought to cover any one with disgrace, yet not only is it spoken of in high places, and its possibility discussed, but the very mode is indicated by which it may be brought about, and the motives and aims of the party which is to uphold it are analyzed and set forth. For our own part we deeply regret that the public mind should be familiarized with such a possible future. There are some crimes which lose half their grossness by perpetual contact, and arguments incessantly urged for not paying a debt honorably contracted acquire cumulative force from each convert they make.

Those who predict the coming of this moral pestilence do not fail to describe the signs and tokens of its approach. Perhaps it may be found that this knowledge will be of service, that being forewarned we shall be forearmed, and that on the first symptom of danger we shall stand on our defense. It is impossible to deny that some combination of circumstances may create an agitation against paying the interest or principal of the debt that we have contracted to pay. What we console ourselves with, is the improbability of such a combination. It is said that St. Petersburg must be destroyed when three events occur simultaneously, the breaking up of the ice in the Neva, spring tides, and continued violent westerly winds. Yet the Russians live there very happily in the belief that as no ice-block has taken place under such unfavorable auspices, it never will, and that their city is therefore safe. And so of the political exigencies which are to cause our destruction, there must first be wide-spread and chronic discontent, arising from want of work or insufficient wages; next, an accumulation of the debt in comparatively few hands, so that a large majority of the people shall be interested in its not being paid; and again, a degradation of public morals which shall make men think that right which they once energetically declared to be wrong, think light to be darkness, and justice toward others fraud upon themselves. No one acquainted with our past history can deny that such states of public sentiment may arise as they have already arisen under peculiar circumstances, but the improbability is very great that they will combine at any given epoch and bring their united forces to bear against the discharge of our honorable obligations.

The agitation of this question, although we strongly deprecate it, will not have been altogether without its uses, if we are thereby taught to consider what measures ought to be adopted to hinder a consummation all lovers of their country would deplore. Mr. J. J. Cisco has lately pointed out a true guide for future financial measures—namely, that they should be such as any man of sound judgment would adopt in administering his own affairs. Thus he holds the restoration of the credit of the United States as being of the first importance. It is no use our being solvent, if our bad management gives tokens of insolvency, and equally useless is it to say that we intend to pay our debts when, instead of providing the means to do so, we contract new ones. There seems no good reason to doubt that the credit of the United States would be increased beneficially by steadily increasing the reserve of gold on hand. The loss of interest on the amount is as nothing compared with the benefit derived from our showing a constantly increasing balance of cash on hand, and in this point of view we think it is to be regretted that Congress did not take away the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to sell any part of the gold derived from Customs. There is another point which Mr. Cisco did not notice which we feel convinced acts still more powerfully in diminishing our credit abroad, which is the uncertainty still hanging over the mode in which the five-twenties are payable at the end of five or twenty years. Are they to be paid in gold, or currency? The answers to numerous inquiries of successive Secretaries of the Treasury have invariably been that it is the intention of the Government to pay in gold, or words to that effect. But the act itself does not provide for the payment in gold, and when the day of payment comes, it will not be vague promises of Secretaries of the Treasury that will be looked to, but the letter of the act of Congress. It was in this view that the present Secretary

requested Congress to pass an act declaring that payment of these bonds at maturity should be in gold, so as to justify the popular belief that they were so payable. But Congress adjourned without passing such an amendment, so that we now actually stand in the position of Government having given certain assurances on an important financial point, which Congress refuses to confirm. Let no one imagine for a moment that all these points are not keenly watched by capitalists abroad, and that our credit is not measured by what we do, rather than by what we say. Can it be any wonder that our bonds are lower than those of Turkey when we refuse to say whether we will pay them at the end of five or the end of twenty years, or commit ourselves to any promise as to whether we will pay in gold or our own currency at the time, whatever that may be. As the law stands now, there is nothing to prevent Congress next year (the expiration of the first term of five years) from paying off these bonds in a fresh issue of paper money, or to do the same at any period of the succeeding fifteen years. Have we any right to wonder, then, that our bonds are so far below par? Should we not rather wonder that they are not lower than they are?

Another point strongly insisted on by Mr. Cisco, and which is also consonant with common sense, is that the strictest economy be carried out in all departments of Government. We shall take another opportunity of pointing out how far Congress is departing from this course of wisdom, and seems rather inclined to double than to diminish our debt. As bearing upon our present subject, it is important, because, while a moderate burden of debt may be borne without murmur—nay, when, like the cares of a family, it will incite a young and vigorous nation to more strenuous and persistent efforts—a constantly increasing weight will dampen men's energies, and will drive them at last to look about to see why they are thus fettered. So long as our debt be kept at its present amount, with a tendency to decrease, we have no fear that any party can make political capital out of attempts to repudiate it. These can only succeed when burden is added to burden, and grievance to grievance—when Congress exhausts the nation's resources and refuses to provide equitable taxation—when one class is favored at the expense of all others—when the rich become richer and the poor poorer—when from cheerfulness we sink into despondency, and all hope of getting rid of our insufferable burden is lost, except by throwing it off altogether.

New Fire Protector.

THE wrath of Achilles and all the unnumbered woes that flowed from it are outdone. Troy, in all her misery, never saw such a calamity as burning down five theatres in the space of one year, and had Priam known that advertising in the Greek newspapers would have softened the divine anger, we might have lost the grandest epic of the world. But how shall the palpable fact be accounted for that no theatres that advertised in the *Herald* have been destroyed during the past year, while the five that have been burnt had withdrawn their patronage from that establishment? Are we to believe in some special Providence fighting on the side of the Sage of Ann street? that the thunderbolts of Heaven follow quickly the fulminations of "the great family newspaper"? It would hardly be prudent to boast of "mysterious influence" in connection with these conflagrations, and it is only common justice to suppose that if any influence could have been exerted, it would have been in the direction of saving and not of destroying property. But it may be that this mysterious influence is neutral—"willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike"—and the most we can hope from it is grim silence when misfortunes overtake its enemies—silence, which boars with cheerful resignation whatever Providence may inflict on others, so long as it escapes scot free.

In view of the increased risk which buildings are exposed to whose owners "do not advertise in the *Herald*," it may be worth while for Insurance Companies to insert a clause that no publicity be given to the fact of such disloyalty. They might even go further, and insist on the "sop to Cerberus," under the penalty of an increased premium if it be refused; and it might be worthy some consideration whether a handsome discount or rebate should not be allowed to those establishments who bow to the "mysterious influence" and propitiate it with gifts. It must be confessed, however, that this reputation of having the fire-king always on your side is not an agreeable one in every respect. Granted that it is mere chance and coincidence that your foes always suffer, and your friends never, people will not forget all you have said in times past about your mysterious influence, and though you may laugh at the singular fatality, it is not without an uneasy feeling that public sentiment is against you.

What a relief it would be, if one of your advertising friends should be burned out!

TOWN GOSSIP.

The March winds have begun to blow, and the spring fashions have appeared on Broadway.

Sunt quos curricula pulverem Olympicum Colligasse juvat.

There are those whom it delights to collect the dust in that curriculum, and they have ample scope for following out that bent at present, since the dust is plenty enough; but if it is Olympian, then we should prefer a Tartarean mud. The dust of the country is tolerable; it suggests the softening of the ice-bound earth under the genial influence of a straightening sun; to those of poetic sensibilities it may even suggest the perfume of coming flowers. At any rate, it has a smack of nature in it. But the dust of a city is an unmitigated nuisance; it has no just excuse for its evil being. It is not even of the earth earthy, but of the pavement, stony. It promises nothing but soiled clothes, an excoriated nose, and weeping eyes, and is altogether vile.

Emerson says that Thoreau used to feel he was personally responsible for the obliquity of the ecliptic. It is sad that such an excess of tender sensibility in the matter of responsibility should be thus wasted fruitlessly, while if properly husbanded and divided, for instance, among the Street Commissioners, it might produce now some benefit, by having our streets so clean that the dust would not be such a public nuisance. But nature is always eccentric, and one of her peculiarities is her tendency to lavish where the fancy strikes her, and withhold her bounty where it might be of benefit. Most of us find this in her distribution of wealth.

Now that the spring is approaching, the renewal of out-door sports is suggested, and FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER would like to propose an international match between the rowing-clubs of the English universities and those of Harvard and Yale. The details of such a match could be easily arranged, the funds for the necessary expenses could unquestionably be raised without much difficulty, and the interest it would excite would be greater, perhaps, than any such a friendly contest has ever excited before. The place for the match could be the same as that used for the matches between our two leading universities, the pond near Worcester, Massachusetts.

This sheet of water offers every facility and convenience for such a purpose, better, perhaps, than could be found in England. The chief expense would be that of bringing over the English crews, and the amount necessary for this could easily be raised by subscription; while the interest the match would excite on both sides of the water, among the classes represented by both the English and our own universities, would, we are confident, be very great, while the modern tendency to physical culture would receive a great impetus. Let us, then, have such a match, and we promise to illustrate it fully, engraving the portraits of all the contestants, and designating the victors by wreaths of pond lilies. It only requires that the move should be made right to have such a match become a fact in our annals, and we throw out the suggestion, feeling certain it will be acceptable.

Cleanliness is ranked next to godliness, and clean hands are classed with a pure heart, and so they should be. The sensation of cleanliness, however, no one has ever felt in all its ultimate possibilities, who has not taken a Turkish bath. Dr. Urquhart, the introducer of the Turkish bath in England, who is almost a fanatic upon this subject, if one could be fanatical upon such virtues, has deduced from his experiences a new theory of cleanliness—not that of the outside, but the inside of the person. Nor will his theory seem extravagant to those who have practically tested it. It is proposed to build in this city a bath of this kind, which in luxury and beauty shall surpass anything now extant. Capitalists are moving in the matter, and have consulted with Mr. Ocanayan, the well-known Oriental lecturer—an Armenian by birth and an American by adoption—and who designed the bath in Constantinople now used by the Sultan. The design is to make this new bath spacious and splendid, such a place, in fact, as those whose idea of a bath is limited to the open metallic coflins which pass currently among plumbers as representing this idea, can form no conception of. Let us hope to live to see it, and then having enjoyed it, feel that we have not lived in vain. It will be better than going to Kamachaka for this purpose, cost less and can be more easily repeated. By all means, then, the Turkish bath. Who can tell but what if the idea is once properly started the institution may become here what it was in Rome, the principal place of resort in the city, with galleries of pictures and statues, places for promenades and refreshments, where every one will go to gather the news see his friends, and seek his amusement.

In these days of charity, why will not some one interest himself in the condition of those who occupy the medium ground, being gentlemen by education and habits, but without means? As New York is now, there is no place where artists, young professional men, teachers, men of letters, and the large class of persons whose lives are passed in refining but un lucrative pursuits, can live decently. A house in any decent quarter presupposes a ten thousand dollar yearly income. There are traditions that this much has been made by the use of the pencil or the pen; but, as a general rule, these various pursuits and professions are not rewarded with anything like this.

Your grocer on the corner, no doubt, will feel, at the end of the year, that if he has spent three hundred working days subdividing firkins of doubtful butter to suit the demand, or keeping accurately the course of the egg market, as their price varies from six to ten for twenty-five cents, that his time has been most unprofitably spent if the end of the year does not show a larger profit than falls to the lot of any man in the city who lives by his pen or his pencil.

Perhaps the grocer's life is a more useful one than that of the men whose education, whose talent, whose brilliancy or whose skill, fit them to be writers or artists. At any rate, such are the facts, and it is equally true that the grocer can more easily find a place to live than either of the other classes can.

A hotel is equally impossible with a private house, and for the same reason; a boarding-house is also out of the question, since regardless of money, life in a boarding-house is not life, and hardly deserves to be dignified with the title of existence. Grocers and dry-goods clerks may stand it, but they have probably secret sources of consolation which are unknown out of their circle. They can entertain each other with the r conversation, and have a faculty for relishing boarding-house coffee.

There is no difficulty in Paris or London in finding comfortable houses at rates within the reach of men of letters or artists. In Paris the system of apartments presents accommodations suited to every degree of purse-pieanness.

Here, then, is a chance for some millionaire who de-

sires fame. He can easily gain interest with the classes who give notoriety and guide public opinion. Let him simply build a house such as a gentleman can live in, arranged in apartments, and managed as thousands are in Paris, and have it known that it is intended for the use of the thousand or more persons of this class in this city, who would be only too glad to take advantage of his kindness.

If he is inclined to be still further useful, let him so arrange the rent that apartments in the house can be purchased by monthly installments. It is as easy to own an undivided interest in a house, as in a mine, or a bank, while the classes whose interest we are considering have no capital but their talent, and being dependent upon their earnings, could pay only in this way, and would be glad to do it. Where is the candidate for immortal fame upon such easy terms? Let him make himself known.

Amusements in the City.

For the week ending Wednesday, April 10, the following have been the leading features in city amusement: Madame Parepa-Rosa, since the publication of our last, has won two more decided triumphs in opera at the Academy of Music, as Lucia, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni." Both these operas were very well given, and have drawn well. Madame Rosa made her farewell at the matinee of Saturday, and the next feature of the operatic season is to be the production of Petrella's new opera, the "Carnival of Venice."

English Opera has continued successfully at the Olympia, in the hands of the Richings troupe, who produced the comparative novelty of the "Crown Diamonds" as the feature of the week. "Jeanie Deans" has been exceedingly well produced at the New York Theatre. Miss Rose Eytinge has supplied the very best Jeanie Deans since Agnes Robertson; Mrs. Gomerall is an excellent Effie; Mr. Baker is painfully effective as David Deans; Mark Smith makes all that is possible out of Fairbrother and Argyle; the rest of the cast is at least fair, the scenery and setting are appropriate, and Mr. Tinsington supplies delicious Scottish music. "Jeanie Deans" should run long and well, and probably will close the season. On the 11th, that on the 1st of May this theatre passes into the management of the Worrell Sisters, who ought to be able to make it flourish as a burlesque and vaudeville house. Prominence was given, in other departments of our last number, to the unfortunate burning of the Winter Garden, which so suddenly closed the successful Booth season. Manager Wheatley gave Mr. Stuart a full benefit at Niblo's, on Wednesday the 27th, and other benefits for the losers, nearly all of whom lost wardrobe and all effects, will at once be arranged, as they should be. Mr. Stuart will no doubt have another theatre erected for him at once, further up-down, and more commodious than the fallen building. Wallack's has been lately devoted to benefits and the close of Mr. J. W. Wallack's engagement, until Tuesday evening the 2d April, when Bourcainault's "Hunted Down" was produced. Of that something in detail next week. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams closed their engagement at the Broadway, on Saturday the 29th, and on Monday evening the 1st Miss Maggie Mitchell commenced an engagement there. The lease of this theatre passed on the 27th from the hands of Mr. George Wood to those of Mr. William A. Moore. Mr. Samuel Colville, late of the Broadway, has gone to take charge of the Cincinnati National. The "Black Crook" at Niblo's, where they deserve all patronage for their liberality to those in need. At Barnum's the successful local play, "Our Tenement Houses," closed its career on Saturday the 30th, and a novelty (of which next week) took its place on Monday the 1st. The Van Amburgh collection of animals leave the Museum for the present, on the 6th, and went countryward.

Two more of the magnificent masquerades of the season have been given at the Academy of Music during the week—the Arion on Wednesday evening the 27th, and the Purim on Thursday evening the 28th. Both were magnificent successes in both fashion and joviality. A grand concert in aid of the Southern Relief Fund was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening the 30th, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, and all the opera artists assisting. Something of a sensation has been created during the week, in the production at Wood's Theatre, (late the Thalia), of a drama called "Oscar, the Half-Blood," said to be by Mr. James Schomberg—with some merit, but long enough for three plays and involved enough for six. In it, Mr. F. M. Bates has demonstrated to New Yorkers that he will not suit this meridian, his style being laughably melo-dramatic; and in it Mrs. F. M. Bates (see Wren) has proved herself an excellent young actress and a pleasing vocalist, who cannot well fail to become a favorite. Some of the other parts have been very well given, in the hands of Mr. Stuart Robson, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mr. Harry Wall, etc.; but the play will not do and Woods must try again. There are no other features of special interest, either musical or dramatic.

ART GOSSIP.

A VERY pleasant soiree—being the second reception of the season—was given by the members of the Brooklyn Art Association on the evening of Tuesday, March 26th, at the Academy of Music in that city. The large gallery was crowded from an early hour of the evening with a select throng of the beauty, fashion and wealth of New York and Brooklyn, for whose accommodation the auditorium of the house was also thrown open. Upward of two hundred pictures—chiefly the work of artists belonging to the two cities—were on exhibition in the gallery. No very satisfactory view of these could be had for some time, in consequence of the crowded state of the room; but from time to time, when the excellent band stationed upon the stage performed some piece of well-known operatic music, a move would take place into the boxes of the house, and the pressure in the gallery would thus be lightened for a while.

Among the artists exhibiting on this occasion were William and James Hart; the former represented by a brilliant landscape of rock, sea, and sunlight; the latter by a large and breezy picture of wild mountain and lake scenery. Two pictures of Spring scenery, by Regis Gignoux, attracted much attention, as did also a fine marine piece by S. B. Gifford. Mrs. Grestorez, Miss E. C. Church and Miss M. L. Stone, are deserving of favorable notice among the lady artists who contributed to the exhibition. Doubtless there were on view works by other fair hands to which words of commendation might well be accorded, but it was impossible in the crowded state of the gallery, even at its lowest pressure, to obtain more than a passing glance of the smaller pictures that adorned the walls. We must content our readers and ourselves then, by saying, that the conversation was a very pleasant one, and one that may be truthfully recorded as a legitimate success. The exhibition remained open to the public during the four days subsequent to the reception.

Jerome Thompson has just finished a picture composed from the large amount of material accumulated by him in his researches amid the moist and florid prairies of Minnesota. It represents two charming young girls of the brunette and blonde types respectively, preparing themselves for a bath in a limpid stream that glides through a mass of tangled verdure and wild flowers of the most brilliant hues. The sentiment of the picture is one of perfect modesty, and it is full of sweet and harmonious color.

Kruseman Van Elten, a native of Holland, but for some time past a resident of this city, has lately finished, for exhibition at the Academy, two large landscapes. Both of these compositions are from the pastoral

scenery through which Esopus Creek runs. Breezy skies, carefully painted river-banks, with stretches of meadow-lands and groups of cattle dispersed about them, are the leading elements out of which these pleasing pictures are composed.

Central Park is soon to have a colossal bust—in bronze, we believe—of W. C. Bryant. Launt Thompson is now engaged in modeling this massive personation of the poet.

The Council of the National Academy of Design have arranged for giving a winter exhibition, which is to be a permanent feature—opening soon after the close of the summer exhibition, and remaining open until the following spring.

W. J. Hennessy has nearly finished a picture for the Academy exhibition. Subject, "Afternoon on the Beach." There are several groups of figures in this composition, the atmosphere of which is that of a pleasant, breezy day. Mr. Hennessy sends but one picture to this year's exhibition, for the reason that he intends to have an exhibition of his own, some time in May next, at one of the public galleries in this city. With this view he is now engaged upon several canvases—some of them larger than any upon which he has hitherto worked, and of which we shall have more to say when the proper time arrives. The picture of "Afternoon on the Beach" was painted on a commission from Mr. J. B. Osgood, of Boston.

Church's latest picture of Niagara Falls, which has not, so far as we are aware, been exhibited in this country, has been sent to the grand Exposition at Paris.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGIOUS POEMS. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An elegant little volume, beautifully printed, and containing several exquisite illustrations. All the poems are good, earnest, and pervaded with a deep religious feeling. Some of them are already known to the public as hymns in the "Plymouth Collection."

THE SHENANDOAH; OR, THE LAST CONFEDERATE CRUISE. By CORNELIUS E. HUNT. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Gives a full history of the famous cruise of this Confederate vessel, and of the time and manner of the destruction or ransom of her thirty-eight prizes. The author was one of her officers during the whole time she was committing her depredations. His account is evidently trustworthy, and will be read with much interest.

THE ART JOURNAL. New York: Virtue & Yorsston, No. 12 Day Street.

The illustrations, on steel, in the March number are: "Autolycus," from a picture in the Sheepshank's Gallery, by C. R. Leslie; "Art Critics in Brittany," from a picture by A. Solomon, and "The Fish Market," from a picture by R. P. Bonington.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE INITIALS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THE RICH HUSBAND. By MRS. J. H. RIDDLE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The shameful insolence with which the city cars have first robbed the city of their valuable charters, then cheated the people out of a million of dollars a year by the charge of an extra cent, and without doing anything for the comfort of the public, seems to be finally entering the heads of the people as a matter for inquiry and possibly of reform. The matter of public conveyance can be managed in a very different way, since it is so managed in other countries, and we finally will find it so here.

An anti-high-rent meeting was held last week in Washington Hall, Eighth avenue; the proceedings of which were quiet, dignified, but evidently in earnest. An association was organized to further the objects of the meeting, and extend the agitation of the matter. If the tenants would only combine, and really take the matter in their own hands, they could easily own their own houses, and make themselves independent of landlords. The capital, for instance, which is accumulated in the savings' banks of this city is all gathered from the pockets of the poor, and is enough, if judiciously used, to inaugurate and carry out a complete change in the real estate system of this city.

The new fashions for spring have been unfolded. The tendency is still to contraction and eccentricity of shape. The bonnets are, if anything, still smaller, and the skirts present more and more a ragged appearance about the lower end. Still, as the size of the hoops is even more reduced, no one can object to the general course of fashion at present.

In the last number of the *Historical Magazine*, Professor Rockwell, of Davidson College, N. C., has a letter upon the question who killed General Braddock? in which he gives a story that Braddock was killed by a Captain Robert Allison, in order to get rid of him and be able to save the balance of the army by a retreat. The story appears to have been handed down by direct tradition in the Allison family, from the confession of Captain Robert himself.

There was a light fall of snow in Columbia, S. C., the day after the amalgamation meeting of the freedmen and the free-asters. It was evidently due to the astonishment of nature at seeing so new a thing under the sun as Wade Hampton and his compeers fraternizing with the freedmen upon a footing of perfect equality.

Boston has spent, during the last twelve years, \$6,645,000 upon her public schools, in salaries of teachers, new buildings, incidental expenses, etc.

Connecticut seems to be prolific in Barnums; there are three in the field as candidates for Congress.

In Alabama thirty-six counties have a majority of whites, and sixteen a majority of negroes. The white majority in the first is 211,905, and that of the negroes in the last 139,474; so that the white majority in the State is 81,431. It will be foolish, however, for the political parties to foster the division of the voters into these two classes. The wise thing to do now is to aim to fuse them.

The Prussian conscription, the Irish difficulties, and the general political uneasiness of Europe, will, it is thought, produce a very large emigration to this country. Some of the Southern States are striving by agents in Europe and other means, to turn the tide of emigration to their borders. The best plan to secure this end will be to wheel into line and keep step to the music of the Union.

A reprint of the articles upon training and driving trotting-horses, written by the late Hiram Woodruff, is to be commenced in the next number of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*. The author was unquestionably the best authority upon this subject in this country, and, in fact, in the world.

A proposition has been made for an American crew to take part in the rowing-match at the Paris Exhibition. A better plan is an international university match, such as proposed in the "Town Gossip" of this week's issue.

The police of New Orleans is to be reconstructed without distinction of color. General Sheridan appears to have arrived at the cause of the trouble there, and has dismissed the Mayor and other officers who were implicated in the late massacre.

General Butler has been presented with a coach by his friends; and those of General Banks have paid off a mortgage upon his house and refurnished it. This is having friends to some advantage.

The notorious Brick Pomeroy has moved South, and has recently interested himself in trying to raise money for a monument to the late C. F. Brown. The

best thing he can do for the reputation of the deceased is to connect his name in no way with his memory.

The debates in Congress have recently assumed an importance since they tend at least to enlighten the country upon good manners, if nothing else.

It is said that New York is the only port in which shipping fees on exported tobacco are demanded.

A bill has passed the State Senate conferring the right of suffrage on women in religious societies. This is the first step.

A bill intended to prevent liquor-dealers from serving on juries in criminal cases is before the Massachusetts Legislature. Things are getting to a pass in the Bay State when to get a drink it will be necessary to call upon a doctor, pay him for a consultation, and get a prescription, describing in poor Latin and with doctor's hieroglyphics the materials for a punch or a cocktail, according to the patient's individual taste. As the druggists charge fancy prices, a drink under this new regime will cost about three dollars, but then the cause of virtue will be curiously forwarded, since the vice of drinking will be counterbalanced by the virtue of deception.

The movement among the women in pursuit of their rights has finally penetrated so far that a woman-port has been recently devoted her attention to capturing seven-thirty bonds. The spread of new ideas is perhaps slow, but sure.

The police report on the St. Patrick's Day riot seems to show that the affair was more disgraceful even than it appears at first. The assaulted carman, who has been found, states that the attack upon him was wholly unjustified, even upon an Irish St. Patrick's Day view of what justifies an assault.

Foreign.

The law of libel appears to be in a curious condition in England, and is exciting remarks from most of the journals. It seems that as the law now stands, a journal is responsible for the reports it publishes of public meetings, if there is anything libelous in them. If it were not for the fact that the newspapers disregard the possible applications of the law, they would hardly ever be able to make themselves sufficiently interesting to obtain a circulation.

Photogram is the last new word proposed. It is constructed upon the same principal and to serve a similar purpose with the word telegram.

There has been a strong desire to remove the British Museum from its present position to the West End of London, somewhere in Kensington. The idea is said to have originated with the holders of real estate in that quarter of London, among whom Prince Albert was one of the chief. It is now, however, settled that the Museum shall remain where it is, but it is absolutely necessary that it should have more space in order to properly accommodate the collection which is at present crowded into it, and provide for any future accessions to it.

The statistics from the marriage register of Great Britain show that in Scotland eleven per cent. of the men and twenty-two per cent. of the women were unable to sign their names, and so were forced to make their marks, while in England and Wales twenty-three per cent. of the men and thirty-two per cent. of the women were in the same condition. While these figures show that the rudiments of education are more generally diffused in Scotland than in England; they also prove how lamentably both countries are wanting in even the most ordinary education.

During the last fifteen years in France there have been 338 arrests or warnings given to newspapers, while twenty-seven have been suspended and twelve have been suppressed. A fair example of liberty of the press in France.

Sir Cecil Beadon, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has published his defense of his conduct in regard to the famine. He says he did not believe there would be a famine, but that the trouble would only be an inability on the part of the people to buy food, and this he hoped to relieve by commencing public works. He defends his not going to the scene of the distress by the plea that to do so he would have been forced to neglect other business. Sir Cecil also shows, incidentally, his utter incapacity for his position.

The municipality of Paris are preparing to open butcher-shops, in order to break down the high price of meat caused by the combination of butchers. It would be well if there was public spirit enough here to do the same thing.

It is said that about three quarters of the population of Paris are discontented with the results from the coming Exposition. The capitalists who own houses and those engaged in selling any article of necessity have already begun to raise their prices in anticipation of the influx of visitors, so that the entire balance of the population, who are depending upon fixed salaries or wages for their support, are complaining loudly, since none of the benefits are to accrue to them.

It is proposed in England to have bishops for show and bishops for use, since their maintenance costs a great deal, and there is difficulty in having many of the things which should be done performed. Meanwhile, a formal complaint has been made against the Church of St. Albans, in Holborn, London, on account of the ritualistic rites which has been introduced into its worship, and the case will probably come before the courts.

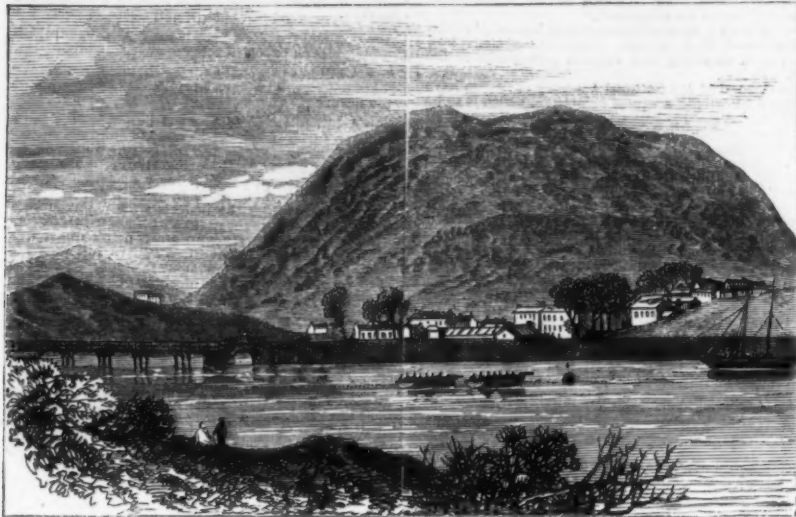
The apothecaries of London, being alarmed at the number of women who are passing the preliminary examination to qualify themselves for carrying on the business, have met and passed a resolution that no certificate shall be granted unless the applicant shall have attended lectures before a recognized medical college. This resolution, which means that such applicants must have gone through a course of dissection, is aimed at the women. It remains to be seen whether they will be prevented from qualifying themselves to earn their living by this obstacle.

Mr. Garcin de Tarry, the well-known Indian scholar, of the Institute of France, gives the following as some of the names of the native journals published in India: *The Flame of Mount Sinai*; *The Confluence of the Two Seas*; *The Water of Life of India*; *The Star of News*; *The Sun of the World*; *The True Aurora*; *The Garden of News*; *The Light of the Moon*; *The Ambrosia of India*; *The Ocean of Wisdom*, this being a medical journal; *The News of the Two Globes*, the *Terrestrial and Celestial*; this last journal calls itself an ocean of elocution, a source of eloquence, and says that its spiritual sallies reach to the skies, that it is as a star in the universe, that it prides itself on its exactitude—yes, that it is a very good journal. Its style is in truth very pure; it is unique in clearness of expression; all who have ever seen this journal exclaim, "Bravo! welcome!" its fame is already such that it will be the most celebrated journal in the world. From these facts it is evident that the newspapers of the other countries of the earth can derive, from a study of the journals of India, as many suggestions for their nomenclature and their display of modesty as modern learning has wisdom from the study of its literature.

"LE LEVER."

The original of this picture is a painting by Bougereau, whose pictures are great favorites among our wealthy amateurs. The original of this was imported by a picture-dealer of this city, and sold to a gentleman in Pittsburg for \$4,500. It is a fair specimen of the sentiment and style of the artist. The young mother toying affectionately with her young daughter, who has just risen from bed, and is yet in her night-dress. The tenderness of the child, and the more matured sentiment of maternal affection, afford a contrast which is always pleasing from its universal truth to nature. The rich morning dress of the mother, and the simple drapery of the child, with the surroundings of the room, afford an opportunity for the effects of color and drawing, which is one of this artist's specialties.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.

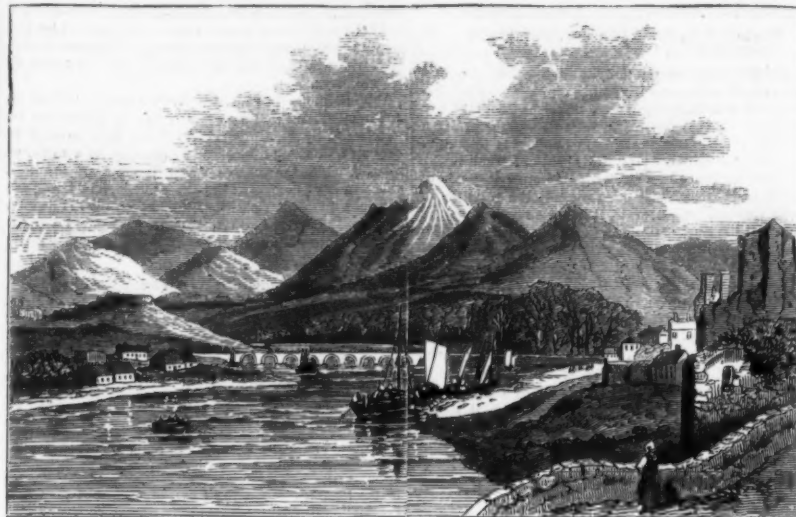


TOWN OF CAHIRCIVEEN, IRELAND.

Town of Cahirciveen, Ireland.
Cahirciveen, a little town in Ireland, has recently come prominently into notice, as being the spot where the Fenian rising commenced. It is a town of about

Visit of Lord Clarence Paget to the Works on the Suez Canal.

During his stay in Egypt, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget made an excursion from Alexandria to visit the



KILLORGLIN, NEAR KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

de Lesseps, and proceeded along the coast to Port Said, the entrance of the Isthmus Canal from the Mediterranean Sea. The Psyche, bearing the Admiral's flag, anchored in Port Said on the morning of the 7th, when the Red Sea. They landed at El Ferdan, where a large party of French and other persons employed in the works of the canal, with many ladies, were assembled to greet them. From this place to Ismalia, a new town



VISIT OF LORD CLARENCE PAGET TO THE WORKS ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

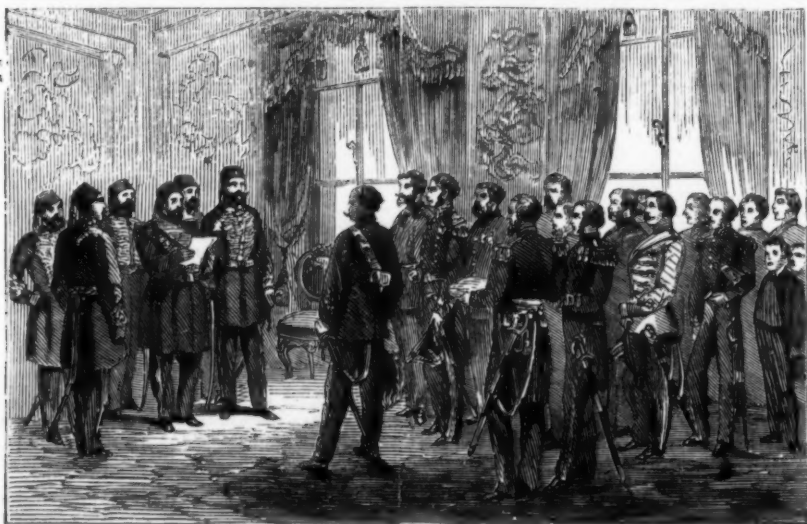
two thousand inhabitants, half the size of Killarney, is situated at the head of the harbor of Valencia, and a market for some of the most delicious butter in the world. The aspect of the place, backed by the majes-

works of the Suez Canal, at the invitation of M. de Lesseps, the manager and projector of that great enterprise. Having, on the 4th ult., been entertained by the Egyptian Minister of Marine, in the Ras-el-tin Palace at



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH VISITING THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, PARIS.

Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, with their children, accompanied by Captain Inglefield, of H.M.S. Prince Consort, Captain Stanhope, the Reverend Doctor Stoddard, naval chaplain, and others, were escorted by M. built on the north shore of Lake Timsah, at the point where the fresh-water canal from Cairo and Zagazig meets the grand maritime canal now being constructed, which here bends southward to the Red Sea port of



INVESTITURE OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT WITH THE ORDER OF THE BATH AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

tic range of the Iveragh mountains, is rather imposing, till one gets into it, when the squalid meanness of its streets, with the bogs and bleak hills beyond the town, show that its imposing air is an imposition.

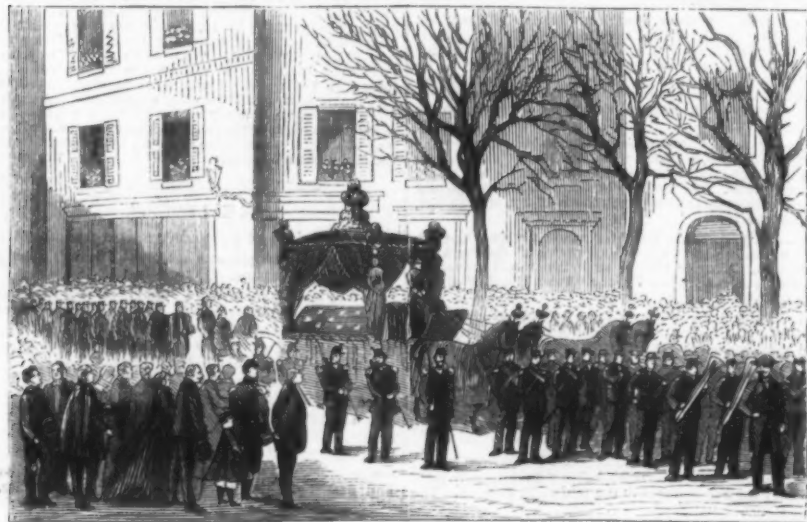
Alexandria, with a grand banquet given in his honor as the Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, Lord Clarence Paget, with his suite, embarked next day in H.M.S. Psyche, accompanied by M.



THE TURKISH QUARTER IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION, PARIS.

de Lesseps and the staff of the Suez Canal Company on board two steam-barges, or dahabieh, in which they ascended the canal to El Ferdan, a distance of forty-five miles, about half way between the Mediterranean and

Suez, the English visitors could not proceed by water—that portion of the canal not being yet made—but were conveyed in a char-à-banc drawn by six dromedaries, shown in our illustration. The carriage, with Lord



FUNERAL OF COMMANDER JOHN CORNWEL, OF THE MIANTONOMAH, AT TOULON, FRANCE.



ROMAN SENATORS GOING TO THE CAPITOL.



ARTISTS' STUDIO BUILDINGS, TENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLMES.—SEE PAGE 54.

and Lady Clarence Paget on its front seat and others behind, was preceded by two dromedary outriders. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, with forty or fifty other gentlemen, rode on horseback, while M. Charles de Lesseps brought on the other ladies in several carriages and four. The procession was attended by a cavalcade of Bedouins and a swarm of Arab torchbearers, lighting up the road across the desert at night, while they danced a wild fantasia in honor of the foreign visitors, forming a very picturesque scene, the effect of which

was enhanced by the strange music of their evening litany, chanted in chorus, as they wended their way to Ismailia.

The Investiture of the Viceroy of Egypt with the Order of the Bath.

This illustration represents the scene in the splendid hall of the Abbasieh Palace, in Cairo, where the ceremony of investiture was performed. The Viceroy of Egypt holds a paper in his hand, from which he is in

the act of reading his reply, in the Arabic language, to the complimentary speech of Lord Clarence Paget, who stands before him, supported by Colonel Stanton, C. B., the British Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General; Colonel Ross, Deputy Adjutant-General; Captain Inglefield, R.N.; Captain Stanhope, R. N.; Captain Wake, R. N., and several other naval or military officers, all in full uniform. His Highness wears a military uniform of European pattern, richly embroidered with gold; he has a diamond-hilted sword, the fez, or close cap, of the

Arabs and Turks on his head, and the broad red ribbon of the Order of the Bath, which Lord Clarence Paget has just placed over his right shoulder. He is supported by a small staff of his chief officers of state.

Funeral Procession of Commander John Cornwel, of the Miantonomah, at Toulon, France.

Commander Cornwel, of the Miantonomah, having died upon his vessel while in the port of Toulon, was



DUNGEON ROCK, LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.—SEE PAGE 54.

buried temporarily in the Protestant Cemetery of that place. Our illustration shows the procession of sailors and marines which conducted him to his grave. His body will be finally brought to this country for interment. The ceremony attracted great attention in Toulon, and the route of the procession was crowded with interested spectators.

Killorglin, near Killarney, Ireland.

Killorglin is at the mouth of the river Larne, which runs through the lakes of Killarney into Dingle Bay. The deep inlets of the Atlantic in this part of the coast of Ireland afford great facilities for a hostile landing. The mouth of the Larne was a favorite base of operations with the Danes centuries ago. They built a fort (the rampart of which is shown in our view, on the left of the bridge), and constructed vaults under it to hold stores, so that their countrymen, on landing, might not be destitute of provisions till able to furnish themselves at the expense of the natives. The town has recently attracted public notice from being the seat of the Fenian rising, and still has a detachment of British troops stationed in it. The headquarters are at Killarney, distant thirty-eight miles from Cahirciveen, and thirteen miles from Killorglin.

Napoleon III. Visiting the Buildings for the Great Exhibition, Paris.

The French Emperor takes great interest in the approaching exhibition, and visits the buildings every week, to inspect the work being done. This illustration shows the Emperor with several attendants, some of the Imperial Commissioners, and the Staff of Management assembled outside the building. The building is to be opened on the 1st of April, and the vestibule, which will contain from five to six thousand persons and will be the scene of the inauguration, is being rapidly pushed to completion.

The Turkish Quarter in the Great Exhibition, Paris, France.

The portion of the grounds about the great Exhibition building which will be devoted to the illustration of Turkish architecture and modes of life, will consist of a public place bordered by three buildings placed at equal distances about a central point. These buildings will be a mosque, a kiosque from Constantinople and a bath-house. The mosque is built according to the rules of the Turkish architecture, as shown in the best buildings of the kind in Asia Minor. Its facade is decorated, in a reduced scale, from those of the mosque of Brousse. The paintings on the inside, decorating the cupola, are taken from the same place. The altar, about fifteen feet high, will be built entirely of enameled bricks, inlaid in the Persian style. The kiosque, a sort of villa from the Bosphorus, of an original style, will have a splendid hall, adorned with colored glass windows of rare colors. In the middle of this hall, which is surrounded with a divan, will be a fountain. The bath-house, though on a small scale, will give an accurate idea of the best buildings of the east adapted for this purpose. These buildings are either completely or nearly finished, and have been designed and executed under the direction of skillful architects.

The Roman Senators Going in Procession to the Capitol.

The Roman Senate, during the days of ancient Rome, was the most powerful body of legislators in the world. During the stormy times of the Middle Ages it was also a respected and powerful body, which very often came in conflict with the temporal power of the reigning Popes. Now, however, its powers are nothing, and its legislation is a farce, although its decrees are still signed with the famous letters "S. P. Q. R." (*Senatus Populusque Romanus*—the Roman senate and people). The members of this body still appear on certain occasions, such as on the opening day of the Senate, when they march in procession to the Capitol, in the same attire, and with the same pomp and splendor as their ancestors appeared in hundreds of years ago.

THE STUDIO BUILDING.

Few persons who have passed often along the west side of Fifth avenue can have failed to observe, at the corner of Tenth street, a shield attached to a tree, and on it an inscription to the effect that the "Studios" are situated at No. 51, in that street. Proceeding westward, then, for a distance of something more than half a block, the observer arrives at a large, plain, three-story structure of red brick, more remarkable for the size of its windows than for any architectural display. Entering the vestibule, he finds on his right hand a small, snug room, over which the janitor is supposed to preside, but which is usually occupied by the policeman detailed for special duty on the premises. Immediately in front of the person entering there is a large folding-door, and this leads to the gallery of the Studios, in which the artists give exhibitions of their works, from time to time. To the right and left of this doorway run passages conformable to the lines and angles of the building, and at intervals along these passages are doors, the plate upon each of which gives the name of the artist occupying the studio within. Stairways ascending from the inner corridor on either hand lead to the next floor, on which the arrangements are similar to those of the first, and so also of the third, and the plan of the whole building is so simple that a stranger will easily master the topography of it during his first visit. On either side of the entrance-hall there hangs a large direction-board, referring to the eastern and western sections of the building respectively, and on these are inscribed the names of the artists, with the number of the studio occupied by each, the boards being also fitted with an arrangement indicating whether any particular artist is in his studio for the time, or absent, as the case may be.

The studios themselves vary by several degrees in size, being so designed with a view to individual convenience and preference. Among the largest of them are those occupied by Messrs. Bierstadt and Gignoux, on the first and second floors respectively, and these rooms are of large and lofty proportions. There is such an air of seclusion and quiet about the whole place, that one is apt to wonder how the solitary policeman can stand it, that not being a state of things, exactly, on which persons of his cloth and persuasion are accustomed to look with complacency. As we mentioned last week, the artists have set apart Saturdays for the reception of their friends in general, and the studios, on those days, are thronged with people of culture and social position from noon until five o'clock.

COR CORDIUM.—These words, engraven on Shelley's tombstone in Rome, allude to the fact that his heart, which alone is contained within the grave, was found unconsumed after his body had been burned on the shore whereon it had been flung by the waves.

MY NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY.

I sit in my seven-by-nine little room,
Which I haughtily call my study;
So deep in the midst of my bile and gloom,
That a little face all smiles and bloom,
And round and ruddy,
Has failed in its charm, and gone away
To seek for some happier place to play,
For it sees that I'm in the dumps to-day.

There is something that worries my very life,
Yet I hate to tell it, badly.
I whispered it once on a time to my wife,
But the way that she cut me was worse than a knife;—

She said, so sadly,
That I was as jealous, and cross, and sour,
As though I had nothing to do by the hour
But sit like some Bluebeard and grin from my tower.

The truth, in a nutshell, is simply the fact
That I have an opulent neighbor;
That he—has the things I have always lacked:
A brown-stone house, to repletion packed—
Without his labor—
With rosewood and damask, and china and plate,
With lace for the windows, and lackeys to wait,
And lots of fine things on which to dote.

From my dwelling of wood, and jalousies green,
I can see my neighbor, often,
Surrounded by friends of obsequious mien;
And the truth is the truth, that what I have seen
Has failed to soften
My spirit toward this neighbor of mine;
For I see him sit cozily over his wine,
And gloat, as it were, on his state so fine.

I see him, through lace, by a generous blaze,
On a couch of ease reclining
I see—to speak with a generous phrase—
How he, with a lackey to guide his ways,
After his dining,
Is led from the glut of his sumptuous board,
I dare not to say, as drunk as a lord,
But as though he was pretty considerably floored.

I see him get into his coach and pair,
Receiving almost an ovation,
And his eyes have that dull supercilious stare,
That causes me almost to pull my hair
With pure vexation,
With a servant to lean on, and one at the door,
Until I believe they would almost adore
This neighbor of mine, if 'twere not for the law.

In the morning, at breakfast, too idle himself,
A lackey must read the papers.
Perhaps in his greed for piling up pelf
His learning was laid on a very high shelf.
I'd cure such capers
If I had the making of law for him;
I'd take down his lordship whim by whim,
And we'd see who then is a Bluebeard grim!

At a concert or opera sometimes we meet,
Where he sits in such cold attention,
I doubt if his heart is quickened a beat,
Or if in his body there dwells as much heat
As needs prevention
To keep it from warming the Northern Pole,
And until in my doubts, as doubting the whole,
I am almost in doubt if he has a soul.

A week has passed by since I wrote those lines,
And my neighbor and I are friends.
I have sat at his board and drank his wines,
I can gaze without envy whenever he dines;
And nothing offends,
For on all I have seen I have changed my mind;
I can see why fortune and friends are kind,
For my neighbor is sad, and lame, and—blind!

A COQUETTE'S AWAKENING.

It was a glorious full moon, and the silver light flooded the apartment, and threw a pleasant shade on my companion's face as we sat conversing. The gas was lighted, and just glimmered in the brilliant chandeliers, at Mr. Earle's particular request, in order that "we might enjoy the bewitching loveliness of the evening." I was sure that a declaration was impending, for I had long known that the handsome, aristocratic John Earle only waited a favorable opportunity to declare his devotion. I had not the least objection to his doing so, for that was a favorite pastime of mine; so I led him on, as I well understood how to do, and decanted upon the weird and wonderful beauty of the moonlight, its effect upon my peculiar temperament; the intense home-sickness and loneliness it engendered; what a strange longing for sympathy I had, but particularly on evenings like these; and I looked up into his faultless face as much as to say that I perfectly comprehended where I could find all that was necessary to my happiness; and so of course I was not at all surprised when he said, in low, passionate tones:

"If you only knew, Miss Tilly, how intensely I love you, and how earnestly I am capable of sympathizing with you in every thought and feeling, you would never have another heart-longing that I could not satisfy."

What demon was it that caused me to leave my right hand in his, while with his left he touched it lovingly? And the moonlight danced fantastically on the diamond solitaire, which glistened and glowed on his little finger like a star, so brilliant was it. I was thinking. Even in that moment, when I felt him trembling, his hand burning in mine with the intensity of his love and anxiety, I could calmly reflect and wonder what course would be politic. Ah, yes, it was policy with me then, cold, calculating policy, without the first warm breath of love to stir my heart into anything bordering upon affection. I was only twenty, and this had not been the first man whom I had

brought kneeling to my feet. I could count them by the dozen; and when other subjects failed to interest, and I was enured to death with petty cares and anxieties, then I had the habit of counting them over on my little jeweled fingers, and the process invariably soothed and comforted. What strange influence was it upon me then? I wonder at it now; but after a few moments, which must have appeared like ages to him, he said again:

"Will you not speak to me, Tilly? It cannot be that you are coquette enough to trample upon the sacred feelings of a man's soul?"

He must have read the indecision in my expression—for my face, vain and conceited as I was, reflected every feeling with the truth and perfectness of a mirror. I had thought of his place in society, of his business establishments, of his horses and really magnificent turnouts, and wished that I knew to a dollar what he was actually worth. I contrasted him with just one more gentleman of my acquaintance, and I came to the conclusion, then and there, with my hand pressed tenderly between his, that I would bring Robert Adair to my feet; for, although I realized fully the superiority of my present companion, morally, intellectually and physically, over every other man of my acquaintance; yet worth was nothing then—wealth, position, were all that I cared for; and I looked calmly into the despairing man's face, and said, with a forced smile, for I could not but be sorry for his great sorrow:

"Really, Mr. Earle, it does seem incomprehensible to me that a lady and gentleman can never be warm, appreciative friends without rushing pell-mell into an affair of this sort. As a friend I have always considered you, and beg to be allowed to do so in future."

The words were smooth enough, and there was just enough indifference visible to make it manifest that I meant just what my language indicated. My hand was carefully laid aside, and with a look so penetrating that it seemed to burn into my very soul, he said:

"God forgive you for this wretchedness—I never can! And, Miss Arnold, if you ever expect mercy here or hereafter, put aside this power of fascination and be the noble woman God intended. I have often heard of your coquettish conduct, but have invariably scorned the imputation; but now you have confirmed all, and I find you heartless and soulless. Good evening, Miss Arnold; may your next victim not be a fool."

He was gone—without giving me a chance to say one word in extenuation. There was but little that could be said, I well knew; but I should have made the most of that. But the opportunity had passed, and I had sufficient knowledge of the man's character to perfectly understand that he would never again seek my society, and that, in all probability, the earnest, manly affection had given place to the most thorough contempt. I tried to console myself as I laid my head on the pillow and prepared to rest, by thinking that Mr. Adair was very much more suitable for me as a husband, and in my dreams the sad countenance of John Earle seemed ever before me, while in the distance was Mr. Adair, holding out his hands to me, and I, in a horrible nightmare, unable to go to either.

That was only the commencement of suffering. From that time I dated a waking up; but with a singular, almost insane pertinacity, I refused to take least notice of my peculiar sensations, but proceeded with all the fascination I was mistress of to throw around Mr. Adair the inexplicable influence which he might perchance think love, but which I knew to be ambition of the rankest kind. It was much more difficult work to weave the web around this new victim—which I honestly intended should be the last—whether it was because he was older and more *au fait* in the ways of the world I could not comprehend; but never before, since my first experience, had I met with so much embarrassment and perplexity. He sought me on all occasions, but his conversation was such a mixture of flattery, caution and sarcasm, that one moment I would feel almost convinced that he loved me, the next that he despised me, and the next that he would declare himself, so that he were only certain of success. Reasoning upon this last premise, and quite encouraged by a peculiar lover-like manner I had never observed before, I determined, if possible, to keep him in this mood; and as he offered his arm for a promenade, and led the way to the conservatory, out of the throng and away from the gay dancers, I expected then that the long wished-for moment had arrived. It was a very large party, one of the finest of the season, and I was confident of looking my best. The rich black velvet dress, with no ornaments save diamonds, clear, pellucid, and scintillating, was very becoming to my brunette beauty—for that I was handsome no one was more conscious than myself. So I leaned heavily on his arm as he examined the beautiful flowers which were budding and blooming and filling the room with their exquisite fragrance.

"Do you understand the language of flowers, Miss Arnold?" he asked, looking down into my face with an expression which I thought I comprehended; and his tone was earnest and eager.

"Not perfectly," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"Because I think I could arrange you a bouquet which would be expressive not only of my feelings toward you, but perfectly descriptive of your strange nature."

"This is not the first time, Mr. Adair, that you have remarked upon my eccentricities. Pray, tell me in what I differ from other ladies of your acquaintance? It seems to me that I am extremely like the rest of woman-kind—with the same desires, longings and aspirations."

"Longings and aspirations for what, Miss Arnold?" and his tone was almost severe.

"For what?" said I. "Do you not know? Your appreciation and sympathy. To be perfectly understood."

That had always been my Pegasus; and I re-

lized perfectly all the while I was talking how contemptibly ridiculous the idea was; but then, I knew its effect upon the opposite sex, and imagined that I could use it with Mr. Adair with the same success. But for once I was mistaken.

"You would like, then, to be perfectly understood? I think not, Miss Arnold," and his manner was severe and earnest; "but there is one man—and I imagine only one—who comprehends and understands you accurately, and that man is Robert Adair."

There was no warmth in all this. I had withdrawn my hand from his arm, and more nervous and unstrung than ever I had been before, I picked an elegant camellia to pieces, and scattered the leaves in every direction.

"Even that," he continued "is characteristic," pointing to the beautiful flower so ruthlessly destroyed; "but upon my word, Miss Arnold, it does seem to me that the fault lies not in your nature after all, but in your imperfect education."

"Fault!" said I, eagerly catching at the word. "What do you mean, Mr. Adair? I am not in the habit of having gentlemen address me in that manner. I reserve for my intimate friends the right to criticise my conduct."

"Not so fast, Miss Arnold. You were extremely desirous of being understood; and when I assure you that I can do so perfectly, then you seem offended. This, I presume, is woman's consistency," and his merry laugh half maddened me. "Do you remember what Cicero in his glorious *Amicitia* says? *Ut amaris, amabilis esto*. And allow me in conclusion, Miss Arnold, to add a little sentence of my own—*Ut semenlem faceris, ita et metes*. Shall we polka a while now?" and he drew my hand, quivering with excitement and wounded feeling, through his arm, and without another word we took our place in the brilliant throng, and waltzed until I was faint, and the room swam round me, and caring very little what became of me, and almost wishing that my breath might cease entirely. Mr. Adair suddenly came to a stop, saying:

"I thought to tire you out, Miss Arnold, but I find that would be a task quite as difficult of completion as the one I attempted a short time ago, namely"—and he lowered his tones to a soft whisper—"to convince you that you are living a wicked, reckless life—a life as distinct and separate from the one God intended as can possibly be conceived; and remember that I speak to you a truth, and also that *Veritas a quocunque dictum, a Deo est*. Remember that we are engaged for the lancers," and with a bow and pleasant smile, he left me, saying, "I believe you have an acquaintance on your left."

I turned to see who it could be, and for the first time since he poured out his passionate love on that memorable moonlight night, my eyes met John Earle's. Oh! how sad, and pale, and woe-begone he looked; and how wretchedly I felt, as I looked my conduct calmly in the face, that my evil genius had at last led me into this diagrae; and then again, how dared this man, with whom I had been only slightly acquainted, tell me these unwelcome truths? John Earle must have read some misery in my face, for he took a vacant seat beside me, saying:

"Are you ill, Miss Arnold?" and his words were kind and soothing, though I knew the man's heart was aching with its sorrow; and I replied pleasantly:

"I think I must have polkaed too long; I feel chilly and almost faint;" and just then his last words to me the night we parted rang in my ears, "May your next victim not be a fool!" His wish had been gratified, and if any unexpressed cure lingered in his heart, I felt that this mortification would amply satisfy him. I felt my lips and eyelids quivering, and knowing that I should not be able to repress my feelings long, said:

"Mr. Earle, if it will not be too much trouble, will you find Aunt Agnes, and ask her if she is ready to go home? If not, I will go, and send the carriage back for her."

It was only about twelve and before supper, but I was tired and ill, and felt that in the last hour had been condensed the misery of a lifetime. He returned with Aunt Agnes, ordered our carriage, and as kindly as though no shadow had ever come between us, assisted me into it, shook hands, said good-by, and we were soon home. All that night I shivered and shook, then burned with fever, while my head with its terrible ache played a fitting accompaniment to the rest. "May your next victim not be a fool!" He evidently was not; and then Mr. Adair's Latin, *Ut amaris, amabilis esto*—that you may be loved—be deserving of love; and then the bitter truth, *Ut semenlem faceris, ita et metes*—as you have sown, so shall you reap. Ay! I had sown the wind, and I felt that the whirlwind was already upon me. None but God knows the agony of that night. Unconsciousness came at last, and for six weeks I was senseless as a stone. They called it brain fever. It was a fever of the soul—a soul struggling for its emancipation from the thralldom of ambition—a soul waking up to its duty—a soul desiring, with God's help, to be freed from all selfish shackles; and in the midst of my misery I said then, as I have said a thousand times since, "God bless Robert Adair."

Six weeks passed, and when I awoke to full perception I found myself in bed in a darkened chamber, so dark that I could with difficulty discern Aunt Agnes and a strange, motherly-looking woman, who I knew must be a nurse. There was a strange serenity about me, as I comprehended my surroundings, and when I tried to speak I found that I could scarcely whisper, so I knew that I must have been very near death's door. Aunt Agnes gave me wine and water, placed her fingers upon my lips, and I slept for long hours the sleep of weariness and exhaustion.

My recovery was rapid, but how I had changed! My luxuriant hair, which had been my pride and delight, was all removed. The barber's razor had shaved it close, and now it had just commenced to grow again, and little bits of curls had taken the



George Riggs, Washington, D. C. George Peabody, Esq., Ames. George N. Easton, Maryland. Am. M. Evans, New York. Wm. A. Graham, North Carolina. Charles Macalester, Pennsylvania. Geo. H. Clifford, Massachusetts. Admiral D. G. Farragut. George Peabody. Hamilton Fish, New York. Gen. U. S. Grant, South Carolina. B. C. Winthrop, Mass. Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine, Ohio. Wm. C. Rives, Virginia. Samuel Wetmore, New York.

Mr. George Peabody and the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund.

At a meeting of the trustees of this fund, held in New York city on the 19th of March, 1867, after a full discussion of the subject committed to them, during which the views of the founder of the trust were explicitly explained, and a full report by Mr. Eaton of Maryland had been read and considered, the following report and resolutions, by Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, from the Committee of Investigation and Inquiry, were unanimously adopted:

REPORT.

The Committee of Inquiry, having carefully considered the important matters referred to them, beg leave respectfully to report the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*,—That for the present the promotion of primary or common school education, by such means or agencies as now exist or may need to be created, be the leading object of the board in the use of the fund placed at its disposal.
2. *Resolved*,—That in aid of the above general design, and as promotive of the same, the board will have in view the furtherance of Normal School Education for the preparation of teachers, as well by the endowment of scholarships in existing Southern institutions as by the establishing of normal schools, and the aiding of such normal schools as may now be in operation in the Southern and South-western States, including such measures as may be feasible and as experience may show to be expedient, for the promotion of education in the application of science to the industrial pursuits of human life.
3. *Resolved*,—That a general agent of the highest qualifications be appointed by the board, to whom shall be entrusted, under an executive committee, the whole charge of carrying out the designs of Mr. Peabody in his great gift, under such resolutions and instructions as the board shall from time to time adopt.
4. *Resolved*,—That the Reverend Doctor Sears, President of Brown University, Rhode Island, be appointed the general agent of the board, upon such terms as may be arranged by the finance committee.
5. *Resolved*,—That an executive committee of five trustees be appointed by the chairman at each annual meeting of the board, to whom shall be entrusted, in connection with the general agent, the carrying out of such resolutions and plans as the board shall from time to time adopt.
6. *Resolved*,—That the next annual meeting of the board be held in the city of New York on the third Tuesday in June, 1868, and that in the meantime the chairman be authorized to call meetings at such times and places as the executive committee may direct.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHAS. P. McILVAINE, Chairman.

Motions were then made and carried that the board meet in Richmond on the third Tuesday of January, 1868, and that the trustees become incorporated under the laws of New York, with the title, The Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, and then the meeting adjourned.

The ultimate result of this most generous donation, if managed with the enlarged liberality which prompted it, can hardly be over-estimated. We are indebted for the photograph from which this interesting group is engraved to Mr. Brady, whose enterprise has secured this picture, of national interest, as an addition to his collection, and we take this occasion to express our thanks, and call public attention to the magnificently complete collection he has formed. For years he has interested himself in the design of making a complete illustrated history of this country; and to that end has collected such portraits and views as would be necessary for this purpose. All the prominent actors of the Revolution, both in the field and in civil life, have been copied from authentic portraits. The same course has been pursued with the subsequent history of the country, down to the present existing generation. The prominent actors in the war of 1812, and the Mexican war, are here all represented in portraits taken from life, when possible, and when not, from the same kind of sources to which resort was had for the men of the Revolution.

The entire Congress of 1861 is here represented from life, and during the progress of the late war, every prominent actor, either North or South, is represented in this collection.

Besides these, the views of places rendered historic by the events of the war is most complete. To obtain these a corps of photographers was kept in the field, acting with our armies. The collection has now grown so large and so valuable, that Mr. Brady feels very justly that it should not remain in any private hands, subject to the caprice of fortune or the accident of fire; but should be made the property of some public institution, where it should be preserved and made of public benefit.

It seems strange that no such institution can be found with sufficient public spirit, and wisdom enough to see the importance of securing it. It should remain in this city, but unquestionably if it is not soon arranged to do so, it will be bought by some of the new institutions which have recently been organized in various parts of the country. The increasing value of such a collection can be estimated from this group. When in the course of years the men here represented shall have passed away, what an interesting memorial their likenesses will be to the numerous thousands who have benefited by the bounty of the founder of this trust!

A FASHIONABLE DANCE IN 1721.—Here are the directions given by the author of the "Dancing-Master" (1721) for "Joan Anderson, or the Cushion Dance—an all-round dance." "This dance is begun by a single person (either man or woman) who, taking a cushion in their hand, dances about the room; and, at the end of the tune, they stop and sing: 'This dance it will no further go.' The musicians answer: 'I pray you, good sir, why say you so?' Man: 'Because Joan Anderson will not come too.' Music: 'She must come too, and she shall come too, and she must come whether she will or no.' Then he lays down the cushion before a woman, on which she kneels, and he kisses, singing: 'Welcome, Joan Anderson, welcome, welcome.' Then she rises, takes up the cushion, and both dance, singing: 'Prinkum prankum is a fine dance, and shall we go dance it once again, once again, and once again, and shall we go dance it once again?' Then, making a stop, the woman sings as before: 'This dance, &c. Music: 'I pray you, madam, &c. Woman: 'Because Joan Anderson, &c. Music: 'He must, &c. And so she lays down the cushion before a man, who, kneeling upon it, salutes her, she singing: 'Welcome, John Anderson, &c. Then, he taking up the cushion, they both take hands and dance round, singing as before. And thus they do till the whole company are taken into the ring; and, if there is company enough, make a little ring in the middle, and within that ring set a chair, and lay the cushion on it. Then the cushion is laid before the first man, the woman singing: 'This dance, &c. (as before), only instead of 'come too' they sing 'go fro;' and instead of 'Welcome, John Anderson, &c., they sing: 'Farewell, John Anderson, farewell, farewell;' and so they go out one by one as they came in. Note, the woman is kissed by all the men in the ring at her coming in and going out, and likewise the man by all the women."



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, SENATOR FROM OHIO.



HON. CHARLES SUMNER, SENATOR FROM MASS.



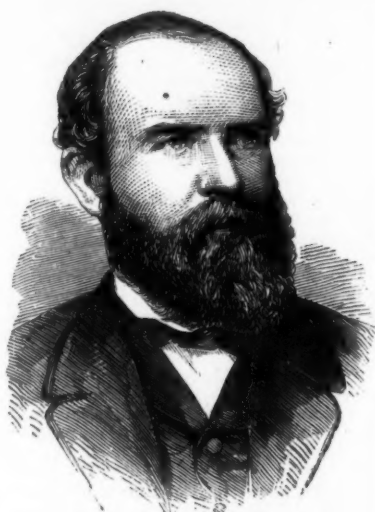
HON. P. G. VAN WINKLE, SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.



HON. TIMOTHY O. HOWE, SENATOR FROM WISCONSIN.



HON. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS, SENATOR FROM OREGON.



HON. JOHN A. J. CRESWELL, SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.



HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY, SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA.



HON. EDGAR COWAN, SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.



HON. JOHN B. HENDERSON, SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.



HON. JUSTIN S. MORRILL, REPRESENTATIVE FROM VERMONT.



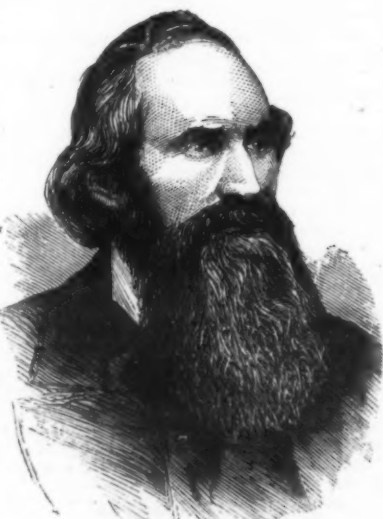
HON. JAMES BROOKS, REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEW YORK.



HON. THOMAS W. FERRY, REPRESENTATIVE FROM MICHIGAN.



HON. EDON C. INGERSOLL, REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS.



HON. JOHN P. FARNSWORTH, REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS.



HON. HENRY T. BLOW, REPRESENTATIVE FROM MISSOURI.



HON. BENJAMIN F. LOAN, REPRESENTATIVE FROM MISSOURI.

FOOLED!

BY R. C. SPENCER.

ENOUGH! the dark has fled; the morn
Breaks in; so well your little part
You played, my child, some would have sworn
'Twas *con amore*—with your heart!

Ah, vain to hope for love from you—
From art to seek for nature's flowers!
From wide opposing points of view
We see the code of passion's laws.

You knew it all, you thought: "Had I
This hair but dressed some other way,
He had not cared his heart to try,
Nor fancied with my curls to play;

"But, since a certain charm he found
In loosened hair, and lashes' sweep,
His foot held firm against his ground,
And slowly thus below fell deep!"

O fooled in all your fond device!
Tricked even in your subtle care—
To think blue light of shaded eyes
And studied stray of gold-curl'd hair

Wrought all to me that has been wrought!
Ah, deeper fooled than I have been!
'Twas not for blue and gold I sought,
This let me tell you, fickle queen,

Nor shallow arts of words and dress,
Nor jewels on a hand of cream,
Nor right to dally with a tress
Of auburn, held as in a dream;

I sought for what was true and kind,
And what I found was false and cold;
I seek what I have yet to find,
Tho' blue your eyes and tresses gold!

Farewell! We part in peace—if peace
On such as you may rest a while;
Not thus you wished the farce to cease,
Yet see—I leave you with a smile!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE BISHOP'S ANGEL.

It was nearly nine before Mr. Crawley got back to his house, and found his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him.

"I should not wonder if Grace were over here to-day," said Mrs. Crawley.

"She'd better remain where she is," said he. After this the meal passed almost without a word. When it was over, Jane, at a sign from her mother, went up to her father and asked him whether she should read with him.

"Not now," he said, "not just now. I must rest my brain before it will be fit for any work." Then he got into the chair over the fire, and his wife began to fear that he would remain there all the day.

But the morning was not far advanced, when there came a visitor who disturbed him, and by disturbing him did him real service. Just at ten there arrived at the little gate before the house a man on a pony, whom Jane espied, standing there by the pony's head and looking about for some one to relieve him from the charge of his steed.

This was Mr. Thumble, who had ridden over to Hoggstock on a poor spavined brute belonging to the bishop's stable, and which had once been the bishop's cob. Now it was the vehicle by which Mrs. Proudie's episcopal messages were sent backward and forward through a twelve-miles ride round Barchester; and so many were the lady's requirements, that the poor animal by no means ate the hay of idleness.

Mr. Thumble had suggested to Mrs. Proudie, after their interview with the bishop and the giving up of the letter to the clerical messenger's charge, that before hiring a gig from the Dragon of Wantley, he should be glad to know—looking as he always did to "Mary Anne and the children"—whence the price of the gig was to be returned to him. Mrs. Proudie had frowned at him—not with all the austerity of frowning which she could use when really angered, but simply with a frown which gave her some little time for thought, and would enable her to continue the rebuke if, after thinking, she should find that rebuke was needed. But mature consideration showed her that Mr. Thumble's caution was not without reason. Were the bishop energetic—or even the bishop's managing chaplain as energetic as he should be—Mr. Crawley might, as Mrs. Proudie felt assured, be made in some way to pay for a conveyance for Mr. Thumble. But the energy was lacking, and the price of the gig, if the gig were ordered, would certainly fall ultimately upon the bishop's shoulders. This was very sad. Mrs. Proudie had often grieved over the necessary expenditure of episcopal surveillance, and had been heard to declare her opinion that a liberal allowance for secret service should be made in every diocese. What better could the Ecclesiastical Commissioners do with all those rich revenues which they had stolen from the bishops?

But there was no such liberal allowance at present, and, therefore, Mrs. Proudie, after having frowned at Mr. Thumble for some seconds, desired him to take the gray cob. Now, Mr. Thumble had ridden the gray cob before, and would much have preferred a gig. But even the gray cob was better than a gig at his own cost.

"Mamma, there's a man at the gate wanting to come in," said Jane. "I think he's a clergyman."

Mr. Crawley immediately raised his head, though he did not at once leave his chair. Mrs.

Crawley went to the window, and recognized the reverend visitor.

"My dear, it is that Mr. Thumble, who is much with the bishop."

"What does Mr. Thumble want with me?"

"Nay, dear, he will tell you that himself."

But Mrs. Crawley, though she answered him with a voice intended to be cheerful, greatly feared the coming of this messenger from the palace. She perceived at once that the bishop was about to interfere with her husband in consequence of that which the magistrates had done yesterday.

"Mamma, he doesn't know what to do with his pony," said Jane.

"Tell him to tie it to the rail," said Mr. Crawley. "If he has expected to find menials here, as he has them at the palace, he will be wrong. If he wants to come in here, let him tie the beast to the rail."

So Jane went out and sent a message to Mr. Thumble by the girl, and Mr. Thumble did tie the pony to the rail, and followed the girl into the house. Jane in the meantime had retired out by the back door to the school, but Mrs. Crawley kept her ground. She kept her ground although she almost believed that her husband would prefer to have the field to himself. As Mr. Thumble did not at once enter the room, Mr. Crawley stalked to the door, and stood with it open in his hand. Though he knew Mr. Thumble's person, he was not acquainted with him, and therefore he simply bowed to the visitor, bowing more than once or twice with a cold courtesy, which did not put Mr. Thumble altogether at his ease.

"My name is Mr. Thumble," said the visitor—"The Reverend Caleb Thumble," and he held the bishop's letter in his hand.

Mr. Crawley seemed to take no notice of the letter, but motioned Mr. Thumble with his hand into the room.

"I suppose you have come over from Barchester this morning?" said Mrs. Crawley.

"Yes, madam—from the palace."

Mr. Thumble, though a humble man in positions in which he felt that humility would become him—a humble man to his betters, as he himself would have expressed it—had still about him something of that pride which naturally belonged to those clergymen who were closely attached to the palace at Barchester. Had he been sent on a message to Plumstead—could any such message from Barchester palace have been possible, he would have been properly humble in his demeanor to the archdeacon, or to Mrs. Grantly had he been admitted to the august presence of that lady; but he was aware that humility would not become him on his present mission; he had been expressly ordered to be firm by Mrs. Proudie, and firm he meant to be; and therefore, in communicating to Mrs. Crawley the fact that he had come from the palace, he did load the tone of his voice with something of dignity which Mr. Crawley might perhaps be excused for regarding as arrogance.

"And what does the 'palace' want with me?" said Mr. Crawley.

Mrs. Crawley knew at once that there was to be battle. Nay, the battle had begun. Nor was she altogether sorry; for though she could not trust her husband to sit alone all day in his arm-chair over the fire, she could trust him to carry on a disputation with any other clergyman on any subject whatever.

"What does the palace want with me?"

And as Mr. Crawley asked the question, he stood erect, and looked Mr. Thumble full in the face. Mr. Thumble called to mind the fact, that Mr. Crawley was a very poor man indeed—so poor that he owed money all round the country to butchers and bakers, and the other fact, that he, Mr. Thumble himself, did not owe any money to any one, his wife luckily having a little income of her own; and, strengthened by these remembrances, he endeavored to bear Mr. Crawley's attack with gallantry.

"Of course, Mr. Crawley, you are aware that this unfortunate affair at Silverbridge—"

"I am not prepared, sir, to discuss the unfortunate affair at Silverbridge with a stranger. If you are the bearer of any message to me from the Bishop of Barchester, perhaps you will deliver it."

"I have brought a letter," said Mr. Thumble. Then Mr. Crawley stretched out his hand without a word, and taking the letter with him to the window, read it slowly. When he had made himself master of its contents, he refolded the letter, placed it again in the envelope, and returned to the spot where Mr. Thumble was standing.

"I will answer the bishop's letter," he said; "I will answer it of course, as it is fitting that I should do. Shall I ask you to wait for my reply, or shall I send it by course of post?"

"I think, Mr. Crawley, as the bishop wishes me to undertake the duty—"

"You will not undertake the duty, Mr. Thumble. You need not trouble yourself, for I shall not surrender my pulpit to you."

"But the bishop—"

"I care nothing for the bishop in this matter."

So much he spoke in anger, and then corrected himself.

"I crave the bishop's pardon, and yours as his messenger, if, in the heat occasioned by my strong feelings, I have said aught which may savor of irreverence toward his lordship's office. I respect his lordship's high position as bishop of this diocese, and I bow to his commands in all things lawful. But I must not bow to him in things unlawful, nor must I abandon my duty before God at his bidding, unless his bidding be given in accordance with the canons of the church and the laws of the land. It will be my duty, on the coming Sunday, to lead the prayers of my people in the church of my parish, and to preach to them from my pulpit; and that duty, with God's assistance, I will perform. Nor will I allow any clergyman to

interfere with me in the performance of those sacred offices, no, not though the bishop himself should be present with the object of enforcing his illegal command."

Mr. Crawley spoke these words without hesitation, even with eloquence, standing upright, and with something of a noble anger gleaming over his poor wan face; and, I think, that while speaking them, he was happier than he had been for many a long day.

Mr. Thumble listened to him patiently, standing with one foot a little in advance of the other, with one hand folded over the other, with his head rather on one side, and with his eyes fixed on the corner where the wall and the ceiling joined each other. He had been told to be firm, and he was considering how he might best display firmness. He thought that he remembered some story of two persons fighting for one pulpit, and he thought also that he should not himself like to incur the scandal of such a proceeding in the diocese. As to the law in the matter he knew nothing himself, but he presumed that a bishop would probably know the law better than a perpetual curate. That Mrs. Proudie was intemperate and imperious, he was aware. Had the message come from her alone, he might have felt that even for her sake he had better give way. But as the despotic arrogance of the lady had been in this case backed by the timid presence and hesitating words of her lord, Mr. Thumble thought he must have the law on his side.

"I think you will find, Mr. Crawley," said he, "that the bishop's inhibition is strictly legal."

He had picked up the powerful word from Mrs. Proudie, and flattered himself that it might be of use to him in carrying his purpose.

"It is illegal," said Mr. Crawley, speaking somewhat louder than before, "and will be absolutely futile. As you pleaded to me that you yourself and your own personal convenience were concerned in this matter, I have made known my intentions to you, which otherwise I should have made known only to the bishop. If you please, we will discuss the subject no further."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Crawley, that you refuse to obey the bishop?"

"The bishop has written to me, sir; and I will make known my intention to the bishop by a written answer. As you have been the bearer of the bishop's letter to me, I am bound to ask you whether I shall be indebted to you for carrying back my reply, or whether I shall send it by course of post?"

Mr. Thumble considered for a moment, and then made up his mind that he had better wait and carry back the epistle. This was Friday, and the letter could not be delivered by post until the Saturday morning. Mrs. Proudie might be angry with him if he should be the cause of loss of time. He did not, however, at all like waiting, having perceived that Mr. Crawley, though with language courteously worded, had spoken of him as a mere messenger.

"I think," he said, "that I may, perhaps, best further the object which we must all have in view, that, namely of providing properly for the Sunday services of the church of Hoggstock, by taking your reply personally to the bishop."

"That provision is my care, and need trouble no one else," said Mr. Crawley, in a loud voice. Then, before seating himself at his old desk, he stood pondering, with his back turned to his visitor. "I have to ask your pardon, sir," said he, looking round for a moment, "because, by reason of the extreme poverty of this house, my wife is unable to offer you that hospitality which is especially due from one clergyman to another."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Thumble.

"If you will allow me, sir, I would prefer that it should be mentioned."

Then he seated himself at his desk and commenced his letter.

Mr. Thumble felt himself to be awkwardly placed. Had there been no third person in the room he could have sat down in Mr. Crawley's arm-chair, and waited patiently till the letter should be finished. But Mrs. Crawley was there, and of course he was bound to speak to her. In what strain could he do so? Even he, little as he was given to indulge in sentiment, had been touched by the man's appeal to his own poverty, and he felt, moreover, that Mrs. Crawley must have been deeply moved by her husband's position with reference to the bishop's order. It was quite out of the question that he should speak of that, as Mr. Crawley would, he was well aware, immediately turn upon him. At last he thought of a subject, and spoke, with a voice intended to be pleasant:

"That was the school-house I passed, probably, just as I came here?"

Mrs. Crawley told him that it was the school-house.

"Ah, yes, I thought so. Have you a certified teacher here?"

Mrs. Crawley explained that no government aid had ever reached Hoggstock. Besides themselves, they had only a young woman whom they themselves had instructed.

"Ah, that is a pity," said Mr. Thumble.

"I—I am the certified teacher," said Mr. Crawley, turning round upon him from his chair.

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr. Thumble, and after that Mr. Thumble asked no more questions about the Hoggstock school. Soon afterward Mrs. Crawley left the room, seeing the difficulty under which Mr. Thumble was laboring, and feeling sure that her presence would not now be necessary. Mr. Crawley's letter was written quickly, though every now and then he would sit for a moment with his pen poised in the air, searching his memory for a word. But the words came to him easily, and before an hour was over he had handed his letter to Mr. Thumble. The letter was as follows:

"THE PARSONAGE, HOGGSTOCK, DEC., 186—.

"RIGHT REVEREND LORD:

"I HAVE received the letter of yesterday's date which your lordship has done me the honor of

sending to me by the hands of the Reverend Mr. Thumble, and I avail myself of that gentleman's kindness to return to you an answer by the same means, moved thus to use his patience chiefly by the consideration that in this way my reply to your lordship's injunctions may be in your hands with less delay than would attend the regular course of the mail-post.

"It is with deep regret that I feel myself constrained to inform your lordship that I cannot obey the command which you have laid upon me with reference to the services of my church in this parish. I cannot permit Mr. Thumble, or any other delegate from your lordship, to usurp my place in my pulpit. I would not have you to think, if I can possibly dispel such thoughts from your mind, that I disregard your high office, or that I am deficient in that respectful obedience to the bishop set over me, which is due to the authority of the Crown as the head of the church in these realms; but in this, as in all questions of obedience, he who is required to obey must examine the extent of the authority exercised by him who demands obedience. Your lordship might possibly call upon me, using your voice as bishop of the diocese, to abandon altogether the freehold rights which are now mine in this perpetual curacy. The judge of assize, before whom I shall soon stand for my trial, might command me to retire to prison without a verdict given by the jury. The magistrates who committed me so lately as yesterday, upon whose decision in that respect your lordship has taken action against me quickly, might have equally strained their authority. But in no case, in this land, is he that is subject bound to obey, further than where the law gives authority and exacts obedience. It is not in the power of the Crown itself to inhibit me from the performance of my ordinary duties in this parish by any such misgiving as that sent to me by your lordship. If your lordship think it right to stop my mouth as a clergyman in your diocese, you must proceed to do so in an ecclesiastical court in accordance with the laws, and will succeed in your object, or fail, in accordance with the evidences as to ministerial fitness or unfitness, which may be produced respecting me before the proper tribunal.

"I will allow that much attention is due from a clergyman to pastoral advice given to him by his bishop. On that head I must first express to your lordship my full understanding that your letter has not been intended to convey advice, but an order—an inhibition, as your messenger, the Reverend Mr. Thumble, has expressed it. There might be a case certainly in which I should submit myself to counsel, though I should resist command. No counsel, however, has been given—except, indeed, that I should receive your messenger in a proper spirit, which I hope I have done. No other advice has been given me, and therefore there is now no such case as that I have imagined. But in this matter, my lord, I could not have accepted advice from living man; no, not though the hands of the apostles themselves had made him bishop who tendered it to me, and had set him over me for my guidance. I am in a terrible strait. Trouble, and sorrow, and danger are upon me and mine. It may be, as your lordship says, that the bitter water of the present hour may pass over my head and destroy me. I thank your lordship for telling me whither I am to look for assistance. Truly, I know not whether there is any to be found for me on earth. But the deeper my troubles, the greater my sorrow, the more pressing my danger, the stronger is my need that I should carry myself in these days with that outward respect of self which will teach those around me to know that, let who will condemn me, I have not condemned myself. Were I to abandon my pulpit—unless forced to do so by legal means—I should in doing so be putting a plea of guilty against myself upon the record. This, my lord, I will not do. I have the honor to be, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

"JOSIAH CRAWLEY."

When he had finished writing this letter he read it over slowly and then handed it to Mr. Thumble. The act of writing, and the current of the thoughts through his brain, and the feeling that in every word written he was getting the better of the bishop—all this joined to a certain manly delight in warfare against authority, lighted up the man's face and gave to his eyes an expression which had been long wanting to them. His wife at that moment came into the room and he looked at her with an air of triumph as he handed the letter to Mr. Thumble.

"If you will give that to his lordship with an assurance of my duty to his lordship in all things proper, I will thank you kindly, craving your pardon for the great delay to which you have been subjected."

"As to the delay, that is nothing," said Mr. Thumble.

"It has been much; but you as a clergyman will feel that it has been incumbent on me to speak my mind fully."

"Oh, yes; of course."

Mr. Crawley was standing up, as also was Mrs. Crawley. It was evident to Mr. Thumble that they both expected that he should go. But he had been specially enjoined to be firm, and he doubted whether hitherto he had been firm enough. As far as this morning's work had as yet gone, it seemed to him that Mr. Crawley had had the play all to himself, and that he, Mr. Thumble, had not had his innings. He, from the palace, had been, as it were, cowed by this man, who had been forced to plead his own poverty. It was certainly incumbent upon him, before he went, to speak up, not only for the bishop, but for himself also.

"Mr. Crawley," he said, "hitherto I have listened to you patiently."

"Nay," said Mr. Crawley, smiling, "you have indeed been patient, and I thank you; but my words have been written, not spoken."

"You have told me that you intend to disobey the bishop's inhibition."

"I have told the bishop so certainly."

"May I ask you now to listen to me for a few minutes?"

Mr. Crawley, still smiling, still having in his eyes the unwonted triumph which had lighted them up, paused a moment, and then answered him. "Reverend sir, you must excuse me if I say no—not on this subject."

"You will not let me speak?"

"No; not on this matter, which is very private to me. What should you think if I went into your house and inquired of you as to those things which were particularly near to you?"

"But the bishop sent me."
 "Though ten bishops had sent me—a council of archbishops if you will!" Mr. Thumble started back, appalled at the energy of the words used to him. "Shall a man have nothing of his own—no sorrow in his heart, no care in his family, no thought in his breast so private and special to him, but that, if he happen to be a clergyman, the bishop may touch it with his thumb?"
 "I am not the bishop's thumb," said Mr. Thumble, drawing himself up.

"I intended not to hint anything personally objectionable to yourself. I will regard you as one of the angels of the church." Mr. Thumble, when he heard this, began to be sure that Mr. Crawley was mad; he knew of no angels that could ride about the Barsetshire lanes on gray ponies. "And as such I will respect you; but I cannot discuss with you the matter of the bishop's message."

"Oh, very well. I will tell his lordship."
 "I will pray you to do so."

"And his lordship, should he so decide, will arm me with such power on my next coming as will enable me to carry out his lordship's wishes."
 "His lordship will abide by the law, as will you also." In speaking these last words he stood with the door in his hand, and Mr. Thumble, not knowing how to increase or even to maintain his firmness, thought it best to pass out, and mount his gray pony and ride away.

"The poor man thought that you were laughing at him when you called him an angel of the church," said Mrs. Crawley, coming up to him and smiling on him.
 "Had I told him he was simply a messenger, he would have taken it worse; poor fool! When they have rid themselves of me they may put him here, in my church; but not yet—not yet. Where is Jane? Tell her that I am ready to commence the Seven against Thebes with her."

Then Jane was immediately sent for out of the school, and the Seven against Thebes was commenced with great energy. Often during the next hour-and-a-half Mrs. Crawley from the kitchen would hear him reading out, or rather saying by rote, with sonorous, rolling voice, great passages from some chorus, and she was very thankful to the bishop who had sent over to them a message and a messenger which had been so salutary in their effect upon her husband.

"In truth an angel of the church," she said to herself as she chopped up the onions for the mutton-broth; and ever afterward she regarded Mr. Thumble as an "angel."

HEROIC TRADITIONS.

THERE is an unmistakable tendency in all history to trace back existing races to an heroic origin; and this tendency is by no means confined to intellectual superiority, for we find scarcely a country that does not rank among its heroes ideal men of lofty stature and preternatural strength, as well as miserable abortions of dwarfs under various names—often strong, but almost always mischievous. Not a shadow of reason, indeed, exists for supposing that the different branches of the human family have ever varied in proportions more than they do now. We still have tall and short individuals in every country; and tall men and women so far preponderate over the short, or the short over the tall, in particular districts, that entire races—the inhabitants of such districts—are described as of lofty or dwarfish stature. Thus, the Patagonian savages are the tallest people, and the esquimaux or bushmen of South Africa, the shortest of those hitherto described; but the extreme difference between the tallest Patagonian and the shortest bushman, is not greater than might be found to exist between two natives of our own country. All poetry and mythology then, abound with assumptions that there were formerly in every country essential and permanent differences in the stature and powers of men, while all research and every atom of obtainable evidence point to the high probability that at the most ancient periods, the average height and powers of men were much what they are now. Even the races whose weapons have lately been found mixed up with the bones of strange animals in France, England and Italy, do not seem to have been essentially different in any respect from the savage tribes of North America and Australia.

GARRICK AND CUMBERLAND.—When the "West Indian," by Cumberland, first appeared, the critics abused the piece in but few instances. Chiefly through Garrick's influence, they were very merciful as a rule; but the little manager's sense of humor prepared a wholesome antidote to the author's vanity. Calling upon him one morning, he found Garrick busy reading the St. James's evening paper. "Here, here," he cried, immediately on seeing Cumberland, "if your skin is less thick than a rhinoceros's hide, egad, here is that will cut you to the bone. This is a terrible fellow; I wonder who it can be!" He began apparently reading from the paper a violent attack upon the play, no one feature of which was spared, character, diction, and plot being alike assailed. The miserable author wriggled in his chair under the torment, which was not lessened when Garrick laid down the paper and condescended for a while with him on the cruelty of the journalists. When he had sufficiently enjoyed his joke, he resumed his reading, cheering up the distressed dramatist as the criticism began to soften, until he closed his amusement with a really genuine panegyric, of which he was himself the writer, and which was contained in the paper from which he had apparently been reading. One hardly knows which to admire most—the wit of Garrick or the delicacy of his warnings. It was one of those things that only he could have done, and is one of the pleasantest proofs of the genuine amiability of his character.

HOW TO EQUALIZE THE TEMPERATURE OF ROOMS.—The late Mr. Appold, whose house was always one of the London curiosities from the circumstance that it was ventilated throughout by means of steam apparatus, invented a most ingenious automatic instrument for equalizing and maintaining a fixed temperature of a room. The apparatus has been presented by his widow to the Royal Society, and was fully described at a recent meeting by Mr. Gassiot. The instrument consists of a glass tube having bulbs at each end. The tube is filled, as also about half of each bulb, with mercury; the lower bulb containing ether to the depth of half an inch, which floats on the mercury. The tube is secured to a plate of boxwood, and supported on knife-edges, on which it turns freely. At the end of the plate, underneath the highest bulb, is a lever, to which a string is attached. This string is carried, by means of bell-cranks, to the supply-valve of a gas-stove or the damper of a furnace. The instrument acts in the following manner: Supposing the stove to be lighted and to have raised the temperature more than is required, the heat will convert a portion of the ether in the lower bulb into vapor. The expansion of this vapor drives a quantity of the mercury out of the bulb underneath it through the tube into the upper bulb. The end to which the mercury has been driven being thus rendered the heaviest, falls, and motion being communicated by the lever to the string, this closes the supply-valve or damper of the stove or furnace. Of course, if this should be carried beyond the required extent, the reverse action will take place.



MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE FOURTEENTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER-CLOTHING.

If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it, Caudle—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame of you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! What do I want now? Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. What's the matter—and what am I driving at? Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? If it's painful, why so often do it? Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes? I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

"Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—What of it? What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!' You didn't see it? The more shame for you—you would, if you had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it? No, Mr. Caudle: the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children; that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things; for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?"

"Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggses and the Browns again: no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in for. I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's no like you, Caudle!"

"I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who's best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle—very easy, to people who don't feel."

"Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh! Now you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Anne, and—What do you say? I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a

minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle.

"How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks? What? You won't give half the money? Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care: let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me twenty pounds five months ago! What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it."

"What do you say? Ten pounds are enough? Yes: just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. They only want bonnets and frocks? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir, no; you have no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like courtesans? You often fling that in my teeth, you do: but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves: and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Briggses, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody—depend upon it, Caudle—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you."

"What do you say? Where did I pick up that? Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing."

"No, sir, no. I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds? No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love! twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty—"

"My impression is," writes Caudle, "that I fell asleep sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty: and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

WEDDINGS IN INDIA.

THE manner in which some of the weddings are conducted in India is very strange. To most cantonments there is attached a "wedding bungalow"—that is to say, some house built at a little distance in the country has been used so often for the purpose of the honeymoon (which means one week's leave from the regiment), that it has come to bear that title.

There were two such bungalows in Bangalore. One built by a Mr. Morrison, went by the familiar name of "Morrison's Pills," and the other by a Mr. Abraham, was called "Abraham's Bosom."

A young officer having very foolishly married a daughter of one of the Madras shopkeepers, the bride and bridegroom were met the same evening, walking out arm-in-arm to "Abraham's Bosom," with four "coolies" carrying their coats just in front of them. Another couple of my acquaintance, having some little distance to travel after their wedding, were divorced at the church-door, placed in separate ransis and taken to their destination.

This was not so bad as the case of a young lady, who having been refused in marriage to the man she cared for, by her parents, determined to bring them to her way of thinking, by eloping with her lover; which she accordingly did from a ball, as in India it would be next to impossible to run away in the daytime.

This young lady had never considered, however, where she was to run (for there were no hotels in the cantonment), and the resident clergyman, even if he would marry her without the consent of her father, could not do so until the following day. And so she eloped to her lover's bungalow, where she was found the next morning, very penitent, and in her ball-dress; and considering all things, the papa thought, on being summoned to her side, that he had better let the ceremony proceed. So they were married off-hand, and before night, a set of doggerel verses, detailing the whole occurrence, with notes by the author, were all over Bangalore.

The rapidity with which engagements are entered into in India is a fertile source of the unhappy marriages which often follow them. A girl arrives in her destined presidency, and if she is tolerably good-looking, receives, probably, more attention in a week than she has encountered during her whole life at home. Or, a man coming down from a single station up-country to one of the larger cantonments, sees several women together, and falls in love for the very novelty of the thing; often with some girl whom he would not look at in England, who has been years on hand, and become proportionately sharp in selecting the most unwary of the sex, wherewith to further her designs for wedded happiness. For one of the greatest proofs of India's progressing civilization is, that now there are old maids there occasionally.

There is no such thing as a long engagement in India: it is propose-to-day, and marry to-morrow; thus, no time is allowed for escape from the effects of one's own thoughtlessness.

An officer in Madras, who had proposed whilst very much elevated with champagne, to a "party" considerably his senior, quarrelled with his lady-love, and wrote to his cousin on the Nedgerry Hills, to announce the breaking off of the engagement. The cousin's answer was terse, but to the point:

"DEAR JACK—You're uncommonly lucky: it was a regular case of 'hook,' and I never was so glad to hear of anything in my life."

But unfortunately, on the road his letter passed a second communication from the "pretendu," which mildly commenced:

"DEAR JEM—Congratulate me; my engagement with Miss M. is on again, etc., etc."

What the cousin's conscience must have experienced on the receipt, it is hard to imagine; but the marriage really took place, and was, to all appearances, anything but a happy one.

A very little man (this incident occurred whilst the left wing of our regiment was in China) having been engaged for some years to a lady in England, rashly made arrangements for her joining him in Hong-Kong. But the lapse of time had not improved the sylph-like appearance of the fair one's form. She was not only a very big woman, but she had grown uncommonly stout.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the frightened bridegroom, rushing into the mess-room, after his first interview with her, "am I expected to marry all that?"

This reminds me of an officer in one of the presidencies, who, in anticipation of a similar event, had purchased a riding-horse from a friend, for the use of his expected wife. But after the lady's advent, he appeared at his comrade's house, with a very rueful face, to ask if he would mind taking back the animal.

"He will be of no earthly use to my wife," he said, shaking his head, "he couldn't carry her. She always was a good weight, but now—she's a whooper!"

One more anecdote of a funny engagement, and I have done.

There was a very pretty girl in Madras, just arrived from England. The men were all mad about her, but no one who had not a good appointment, or the prospect of one, was insane enough to think of proposing for her hand.

One morning two young civilians, staying at the club, were taking their breakfast together—one appeared very nervous and fidgety, and on his friend pressing him for the cause, confessed in confidence that he had made up his mind to propose that day to Miss S.—

"The devil!" exclaimed his companion; "why, it's what I was just going to do myself."

Here was a difficulty; they were very good friends, and had no wish to place a stumbling-block in one another's paths, and they had equally good reasons for supposing that the lady might choose to smile upon them; but then she couldn't smile upon both.

"I'll tell you what we will do," one of them said at last; "we'll toss up who shall pop the question first, and if he's accepted, who'll be an end of the business; if not, the other can try his luck."

Which accordingly was done, and the first suitor having been beaten, the second married the lady at the Madras Cathedral a few weeks afterward; and it were well if every contest of the kind ended as peacefully.

THE "Memoires" of M. de Bausset, who was the prefect of the palace of the first Napoleon, contains the following anecdote: At the grand meeting of the sovereigns at Erfurt, the table upon which the dinner was served was semi-oval. The sovereigns were placed in the middle of the rounded side, on the right and left according to their rank, but no one was ever placed opposite them, that side of the table being left vacant. M. de Bausset, who stood on that side, could hear all that was said.

One day the conversation was concerning the Golden Bull, which, until the establishment of the confederation of the Rhine, had served as the constitution and rule for the election of emperors, the number of the electors, &c. The Prince Primate gave some details concerning this Bull, which he said was made in 1409. Napoleon observed that this was not the exact date, but that the Golden Bull was published in 1336, during the reign of the Emperor Charles IV.

"That is so, sire," replied the Prince Primate; "I was mistaken. But how is it that your majesty knows these things so well?"

"When I was a simple second-lieutenant of artillery," said Napoleon—at this all the royal guests gave decided marks of their attention, and Napoleon smilingly resumed: "When I had the honor of being a simple second-lieutenant of artillery, I remained three years in garrison at Valencia. I cared little for society and lived very retired. A fortunate chance led me to lodge near a very learned and obliging bookseller. I read and re-read his collection during these three years, and I have forgotten nothing, even of those matters which have no connection with my ordinary interests. Nature also has given me a memory for figures. It has often happened with me and my ministers that I have quoted the items and the result of their oldest reports to themselves."

SMALL DIFFICULTIES.—A wooden leg is a very difficult article to manage in a crowded omnibus—so is a warming-pan—a dragon's sabre-sword, fixed uniform fashion—a basket of clothes going home from the wash—a wet umbrella—a spotted child with gingerbread—an old-fashioned waterproof cape—and a large French clock. All these things, however, have to be tolerated at different times. In all traveling by these vehicles I counsel patience, good-humor, and politeness. The lower the neighborhood you are passing through, the more will this conduct be appreciated; and there is often more necessity for you to ride outside to oblige a working-woman than a lady: the latter may have a choice of vehicles, the first has none.

FORTY tons of rust were taken out of the Menai tubular bridge at one thorough cleaning. At that rate when will it be used up or dangerous?

A SAVANNAH SWEEP.

THROUGHOUT many of the cities of the South the old system of burning wood fires still continues, and even where the use of coal has become more general the old-fashioned chimneys are retained in the houses, and the old mode of cleaning them by sending boys up the inside prevails. These unfortunates are always covered with soot, and wear as little clothing as decency requires, while even this is in rags. They form a class by themselves, and present a picturesque effect when seen plying their trade through the streets, armed with a scraper and a brush, and uttering a peculiar cry of "Sweep, ho!" which gives notice of their presence. The characteristic whiteness of the teeth belonging to the whole race of negroes, is heightened in effect by the extra coating of blackness derived from their trade, so that they seem to really gleam. They do not seem to be peculiarly unhappy, and enjoy sitting in the sun and gambling with cents as much as their prototypes, the boot-blacks of New York. It seems to be traditional with them to commence at the bottom of the chimney instead of the top, and when the job is completed the sweep appears above the chimney and sings a peculiar song. With the modern changes they will soon become extinct, and may be abolished with the same advantage as many other institutions of the good old times.

CHARLEMAGNE IN HIS TOMB.

THE Rhine gives a charm to many of the cities of Germany, which without this addition would be passed by without notice. Among these is Aix la Chapelle, which would otherwise appear as only a provincial town, kept clean and well governed. It is not a large city, and is filled only with the memory of Charlemagne. Here he was born, and here he was buried in the church he had himself founded; and here in the year 997 the Emperor Otto III., impelled by a strong feeling of singular curiosity, visited him in his tomb. He found him seated upon his marble chair, his crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the imperial mantle thrown around his shoulders. All of these paraphernalia of royalty had suffered somewhat from the lapse of time. The earth-worms had not only attacked the mantle but also the face of the illustrious dead; his nose had been destroyed. Otto had it replaced with one of gold, artistically worked, and then after bending respectfully before the hero, after having pliously trimmed his nails himself, he retired, shutting the door behind him, and supposing that he sealed it for all eternity.

Two centuries afterward the tomb was visited again. In 1165 Frederic Barbarossa, actuated less by curiosity than by the lust of lucre, opened the doors which Otto thought he had shut so securely. He took possession of the riches of all kinds which the tomb contained, took the body from the chair, and forced Charlemagne to stand before him. In moving the body the skeleton broke and fell into fragments, which Barbarossa, under pretense of having them canonized, distributed about as relics. The Saint-Chapelle kept a portion of them, as well as some of the other articles found in the tomb. There can be seen the large Roman chair, made of white marble, upon which Charlemagne remained sitting for three hundred and fifty-one years.

Over his tomb is a black stone placed in the middle of the church, with these two words: CAROLO MAGNO; and now after the passage of ten centuries, these two simple words, this stone which covers only an empty tomb, suffice to fill the heart with profound emotion. The church also contains the wonderful carvings in gold which the tomb formerly contained. For the small sum of five francs, the curious traveler is shown these curiosities, which, besides their intrinsic value, are precious as showing the condition of art at the commencement of the ninth century. And besides this, if the guardians are in good humor, or you chance to take their favor, you will be allowed to see the bones from the great man's skeleton, and perhaps to take his skull in your hands. Gustave Doré in the account of his trip, from which we take this illustration, was allowed this privilege, and was as much disgusted with this shameful trade of making a show of a great dead man's bones for money as though he was not a European, and could visit any place made sacred by being the last abode of departed greatness without meeting some offensive showman holding out his dirty hand for a fee.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

THE natives of Australia are supposed to be as naturally stupid as any people ever discovered. This is saying a good deal, but the following story from a recent traveler in that country would seem to go far toward justifying it: A native was hired by a settler to climb a tree and cut off its limbs. Mounting the tree with the agility they all display, he halted at the first



CHARLEMAGNE IN HIS TOMB.



A SAVANNAH SWEEP.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

large limb, and commenced chopping it vigorously with his hatchet, between himself and the trunk. Of course, as soon as the limb was sufficiently weakened it broke, and let him fall to the ground. It would seem as though instinct would have taught him this, even if his reason did not; but the natives of this country seem to be devoid of both these qualities, and perhaps might be considered as a sort of negatively connecting-link between man and the animals.

The Men who Led in Untaxing our National Literature.

We give this week the portraits of the sixteen members of the Senate and the House who were most influential in removing the tax from newspapers. Our space prevents our giving the portraits of all those who were instrumental in this measure, so that we have been confined to this selection of the most prominent members of either House, whose names will be found below. If Congress could only be influenced to so continue in this path, that our national literature should not consist almost entirely of newspapers, they would be entitled to a much greater meed of praise. An international copyright, which would give to authors their just dues, would be a most important and valuable measure, not only in the interests of the authors themselves, but upon the people at large, since it is a measure of justice and would tend to introduce the element of honesty in quarters where it is now sadly wanting. It is an old adage that such is the best policy, and certainly we shall never have a national literature until the laborer in this department is considered worthy of his hire. Then, again, if Congress will see to it that the taxation and duties upon books are removed, so that they cannot only be manufactured here, but imported at such rates as will make reading the cheap luxury it used to be, they will not only receive the thanks of all, but will deserve them, which is better. The only sure and certain foundation of our institutions is the intelligence and cultivation of the people, and it is manifest that to secure this end the cheapening of books is the most efficacious means. This measure, with the combination of an international copyright law, will be a fit completion of this commencement. We trust the gentlemen whose pictures we give here will continue the course they have inaugurated. The list of our portraits is as follows:

HON. JOHN SHERMAN,

a Senator from Ohio, was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823; received a good education; adopted the profession of law, and came to the bar in 1844. In 1854 he was elected a Representative, from Ohio, to the Thirty-fourth Congress; in 1860 he was elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress, but 1861, on the resignation of Senator Chase, he was chosen a Senator in Congress, for the term expiring in 1867, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Finance, and as a member of those on the Pacific Railroad and the Judiciary. In January, 1866, he was re-elected to the Senate for the term commencing in 1867.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

a Senator from Massachusetts, was born in Boston, January 6, 1811; graduated at Harvard College in 1830; spent the three following years at the Cambridge Law School; had the editorial charge for three years of the *American Jurist*; was admitted to the bar in 1834, and settled in Boston; was subsequently the Reporter of the United States Circuit Court, and published three volumes, which now bear his name; was for three winters a teacher at the Cambridge Law School; soon afterward edited "Dunlap's Treatise on Admiralty Practice," and about this time declined a Professorship tendered to him by his Alma Mater. In 1837 he visited Europe, was received with marked attention in England, and remained abroad until 1840. During the years 1844-'46 he produced an edition of "Vesey's Reports," in twenty volumes; two volumes of his orations were published in 1850. In 1851 he was elected a Senator in Congress from Massachusetts. In 1853 he published a work on "White Slavery in the Barbary States," and in 1856 a volume of "Speeches and Addresses." In 1863 he was re-elected to the Senate for the third term,

ending in 1869, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and on several other important committees; and was also a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois.

HON. PETER G. VAN WINKLE,

a Senator from West Virginia, was born in the city of New York, September 7, 1808; removed to Parkersburg, now West Virginia, in 1835; after various political service he was, in Nov., 1863, elected a Senator in Congress from West Virginia, for the term ending 1869, serving on the Committees on Finance, Pensions, and Post-Offices and Post Roads.

HON. TIMOTHY O. HOWE,

a Senator from Wisconsin, was born in Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, February 7, 1816; received an academical education at the Readfield Seminary; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1839; in the latter part of 1845 he removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin; and in 1861 was elected a Senator in Congress from Wisconsin, for the term ending in 1867; serving on the Committees on Finance, Commerce, Pensions and Claims, and as Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Bills and of that on the Library.

HON. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS,

a Senator from Oregon, was born in Columbia County, New York, March 23, 1823; received an academical education in Onondago County; studied law, and on being admitted to the bar in 1844 immediately emigrated to Iowa; from President Pierce he received, in 1853, the appointment of Chief Justice of the Territory of Oregon, and was re-appointed by President Buchanan in 1857, but resigned; in 1864 he was elected a Senator in Congress from Oregon, for the term commencing in 1865 and ending in 1871, serving on the Committees on the Judiciary, on Claims, on Private Land Claims, on Finance, and the Special Committee on the Rebellious States. He was also a member of the National Committee to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois.

HON. JOHN A. J. CRESWELL,

a Senator from Maryland, was born in Port Deposit, Cecil County, Maryland, November 18, 1828; graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in 1848; studied law and came to the bar of Maryland in 1850. In March, 1865, he was chosen a Senator in Congress for the unexpired term of T. H. Hicks, deceased, serving on Committees on Agriculture and Mines and Mining.

HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY,

a Senator from Minnesota, was born in Dauphin County, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1815. In 1863 he was elected a Senator in Congress from Minnesota for the term ending in 1869, serving on the Committees on Naval Affairs, Post Offices and Post Roads, Patents and the Patent Office, Expenses in the Senate, Pacific Railroad, and as Chairman of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, and of that also on Revolutionary Claims. He was also a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois.

HON. EDGAR COWAN,

a Senator from Pennsylvania, was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, September 19, 1815. After spending one year at Franklin College, Ohio, he graduated at that institution in 1836. He subsequently studied law, and practiced the profession until 1861, when he was chosen a Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania, for the term ending in 1867, serving on the Committees on Foreign Relations and Enrolled Bills, and as Chairman of the Committee on Patents and the Patent Office, and those on Finance and Agriculture. He was also a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois.

HON. JOHN B. HENDERSON,

a Senator from Missouri, was born in Virginia, November 16, 1836; in 1836 removed with his parents to Missouri; spent a part of his boyhood on a farm. While obtaining an academical education he taught school for his support; studied law and came to the bar in 1848. On the expulsion of Truettin Polk from the United States Senate, he was appointed to fill the vacancy, and in 1863 was elected for the full term ending in 1869, serving on the Committees on the Post Office and Post Roads, and that on the District of Columbia, Finance, Expenses of the Senate, Foreign Relations and Claims.

HON. JUSTIN S. MORRELL,

a Representative from Vermont, was born in Stratford, Vermont, April 14, 1810; received an academic educa-

tion, and engaged in mercantile pursuits until the year 1848, when he turned his attention to agriculture. He was elected a Representative from Vermont to the Thirty-fourth Congress; and has been re-elected to each succeeding one. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he served as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and as a member of those on the Death of President Lincoln and on Reconstruction.

HON. JAMES BROOKS,

a Representative from New York, was born in Portland, Maine, Nov. 10, 1810. When only eleven years old he became a clerk in a store; when sixteen was a school-teacher, and at the age of nearly twenty-one he graduated at the Waterville College. From 1849 to 1853 he was a Representative in Congress, from the city of New York, serving on the Committee on Public Lands. Re-elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving as a member of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. Re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, he served on the Committee of Ways and Means and the Pacific Railroad, but his seat was successfully contested by W. E. Dodge.

HON. THOMAS W. FERRY,

a Representative from Michigan, was born in Mackinac, Michigan, June 1, 1827. He is self-educated, and has ever been occupied in business affairs. In 1864 he was elected a Representative from Michigan to the Thirty-ninth Congress, serving on the Committees on the Post Office and Post Roads, the Militia, and the Debts of Loyal States.

HON. EBON C. INGERSOLL,

a Representative from Illinois, was born in Oneida County, New York, Dec. 12, 1831; removed with his father to Illinois in 1843; finished his education at Paducah, Kentucky; studied law and came to the bar in 1854. In 1864 he was elected a representative from Illinois, to the Thirty-eighth Congress, for the unexpired term of Owen Lovejoy; re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia.

HON. JOHN F. FARNSWORTH,

a Representative from Illinois, was born in the township of Eaton, Lower Canada, March 27, 1820; is a lawyer by profession, and was a Representative to the Thirty-fifth Congress, from Illinois, serving as a member of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions. He was also re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and in 1862 to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving on the Committee on Military Affairs. Re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, serving on the Committee on Appropriations, and as a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

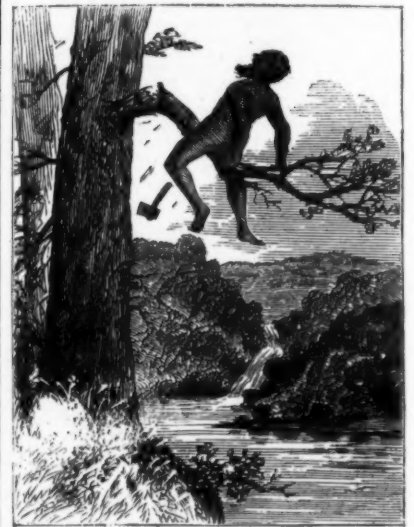
HON. HENRY T. BLOW,

a Representative from Missouri, was born in Southampton County, Virginia, July 15, 1817; removed to Missouri in 1830, and graduated at the St. Louis University; and in 1862 he was elected a Representative from Missouri to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving on the Committee of Ways and Means. Re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, he has served on the Committees on Appropriation, Bankrupt Law, and Reconstruction.

HON. BENJAMIN F. LOAN,

a Representative from Missouri, was born in Hardinsburg, Breckinridge County, Kentucky, in 1819; settled in Missouri in 1838, and adopted the legal profession; in 1862 he was elected a Representative from Missouri to the Thirty-eighth Congress, serving on the Committee on Military Affairs; was subsequently reported against by the Committee on Elections, but the action of the committee was not sustained by the House, and he retained his seat. Re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, serving on the Committees on the Pacific Railroad and Freedmen and Debts of the Loyal States.

THE PROGRESS OF CREATION.—That there has been a succession of types and animals and vegetables serving as approximate standards of form and structure, and a constant modification of such types throughout all time, is as clear to the naturalist as is the fact that there exists a recognizable distinction between any two individuals of any species at the present time. Na-



A FATAL MISTAKE.

ture is possessed of infinite resources, and these are exemplified in the variety of methods by which exactly similar work is done, as well as by the general harmony and resemblance that prevails amongst all created things. If we trace back the various threads of existence, marking well the spots at which each thread connects with another, and honestly endeavoring to learn the law of relation that exists, connecting dissimilar animal and vegetable forms, we shall hardly find much proof of sudden destruction or sudden innovation by a creative fiat. On the contrary, we shall find frequent modification, often traceable to distinct causes connected with changes in matters external to the modified race; and the more carefully we study these, the more clearly shall we see that such modifications are parts of a great system, not interruptions of it.

CHANGES IN THE USE OF WORDS.—In the days of Charles II. "Mistress" was the appellation of honor, and "Miss" of dishonor. The same Evelyn who went by water on a barge to Putney and inspected "the schools or colleges of the young gentlewomen," records the acting of "the Earle of Oxford's *Mistress*," a fair and famous comedian called Roxiana. "But Miss and Mistress in course of time so far changed places, that when Brummel sarcastically called for *Mistress Fitzherbert's* carriage, he committed an offense never forgiven by the fittest gentleman in Europe.

THERE is a certain indelicacy in the minds of some women, which suggests the necessity of extraordinary security, and makes them present of attentions long before they are paid. Women, always on the look-out for danger: always in search of mamma, or in want of a sheep-dog: with a very vain fear of every breath-of-scandal. And there are others whose puris secures them utterly from any uneasiness on their own account, but which brings down upon them the censure and condemnation of the suspicious and uncharitable.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



SPARE MY WATERFALL.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

Spare my Waterfall.

A young lady attending the Sunday mission service at the jail, in Bridgeport, Ct., took a seat near the door of one of the cells, where a large brass hook protruded from the mason-work, and throwing back her head, her waterfall became entangled in the hook. Supposing that some rascally prisoner had thrust his hand through the bars and seized her, she became most terribly frightened, and uttered scream after scream in quick succession, which brought a number of gentlemen to the rescue. "Take my life, but spare my waterfall!" was the characteristic feminine explanation she gave of her sudden disturbance of the religious exercises.

Overcome by Numbers.

Near one of the grain warehouses, situated on the river bank, in Milwaukee, Wis., large swarms of rats have been in the habit of feasting on the wheat which has been scattered around. A few days since a black and tan terrier, getting wind of the rendezvous, made



AN EXTRAORDINARY FUNERAL.

five minutes, he was forced to succumb. His body was literally devoured by the rats, they seeming to take a savage pleasure in tearing their vanquished enemy piecemeal. Scarcely a vestige of the animal remained behind. The terrier died game, however, for there were about a half hundred rats left upon the field, bleeding and mangled, and as many more, more or less injured.

Unraveling.

A man coming home late one night, a little more than half season over, feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a ball of silk that lay at the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and, the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! wife! Come here! I am unraveling."

An Extraordinary Funeral.

In accordance with the wishes of the late Prof. John



COULD NOT PLAY THE ACCORDEON.

solemn character, the intense darkness, the late hour the lurid torches, illuminating the faces of the attendants, the solemn ritual for the dead, all adding to the impressive effect.

A Scene in a Theatre.

A strange scene not on the bills took place recently at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Theatre, during the performance of the "Long Strike." The audience was spell-bound when it came to the court scene, and the judge asked the question, Guilty or not guilty? A well-dressed, intelligent-looking gentleman left his seat in the centre of the parquette, wended his way through the crowd, and climbing upon the stage, called out, "Stop!" The actor who was personating the part of Moneypenny, thinking the man intoxicated, walked toward him, and the following dialogue ensued: "Will you oblige me by retiring to your seat, sir?" The gentleman replied, "I want to give an opinion." "Well," said the worthy manager, "we are willing to hear it." The stranger proclaimed in a loud voice, "It was not that man (pointing to the prisoner, Jem Starkie), who killed him.

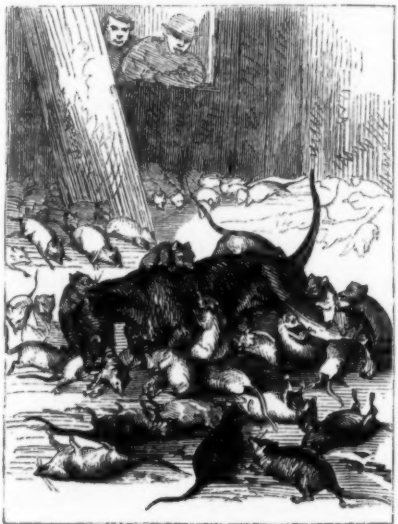


DULL TRADE IN THE WEST.

set the machine in motion, and commenced sewing with a vigorous application of nerve. This seems to be rather a strange story, but the local source from whence it is derived leaves no doubt as to its truth.

Could Not Play the Accordion.

Mr. L. Patten, of Chicago, having advertised for some boarding-house, where his society would be considered an equivalent for his board, was answered by Mrs. Barrett, and an arrangement completed. In less than a week, however, the parties appeared before a justice, he desiring a warrant for his trunk which had been detained; and she, in defense of her action, gave the following explanation of their relations: Having seen the advertisement, she reflected that it would be a very nice thing to have a young fellow in the house who could beat the girls, talk agreeably at dinner, and be content with what he had to eat, and persuade his fellow sufferers that they should do the same. So she answered the advertisement, and Mr. Patten made his appearance, with an umbrella and a very meagre trunk. She did not look for much of anything particularly soci-



OVERCOME BY NUMBERS.

an attack upon a couple of rats that had ventured too far into the open air. Seizing one in its teeth, it shook it vigorously. The rat squealed piteously, attracting to the spot a dozen or more companions. These, on seeing the situation of affairs, joined in raising the alarm. In less time than it takes us to tell the incident, the ice around was black with a swarm of rats, numbering several hundreds. The terrier, after dispatching the first victim, charged into the swarm with the evident determination of serving the remainder in like manner. But for once a terrier was doomed to meet with fight from the poor animals he had so long devoured at pleasure, and in a trice he was surrounded on all sides by a swarm of ferocious brutes, anxious to be avenged for the death of their companion. Then ensued the most frightful scene imaginable. The rats swarmed around their adversary, and fastened their claws and teeth in his flesh. The dog, enraged by the pain, fought bravely, killing scores of his enemies in his contest for life. But the odds against him were too great, and, after a sharp conflict, which lasted for about



A SCENE IN A THEATRE.

H. Alexander, who died on Saturday last, at his residence, No. 272 West Lexington street, Baltimore, his funeral took place in a somewhat novel manner, at six o'clock last evening, the body being removed from his residence, carried by six persons, followed by his relatives and friends on foot, to St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, on Carey and Lexington streets, where the proper religious ceremonies were read by Rev. Dr. Pinckney, an old friend and class-mate of the deceased. The body then remained in the church until midnight, shortly after which hour, in strict compliance with the expressed desire of the deceased in his last will, it was borne to St. Paul's Cemetery, on the corner of Fremont and German streets, where, after the reading of the burial services, the remains were consigned to the tomb. As the clock struck one this morning, in the midst of a pelting hailstorm, the coffin, elegantly draped in black cloth, with handsome silver mountings, was lowered in the vault in the presence of a large number of his male friends, who accompanied the body to the grave. The scene at the burial was of an exceedingly



AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT.

I saw who did it. I saw the person shoot him from behind the hedge." Then turning upon his heels, he left the theatre escorted by a police officer, and venting his anger in subdued curses upon the injustice of the court, who refused to take the evidence of an eyewitness. The man was not intoxicated, as was at first supposed, but his imagination became excited to such a degree that he forgot where he was, and thought the murder and trial a reality.

New Sewing-Machine Operator.

The following story comes to us from Salt Lake City: A young lady of that place has had in keeping a pet-crane for some time past, which has now become so domesticated that, like the coffin of Mrs. Toodies, it is very handy to have about the house. One of the most marvelous freaks of the pet is its passion for perching on a sewing-machine, and there sitting for hours watching the operations of the steamless engine. One day, to the astonishment of the spectators, the crane stood thereon, then reaching down to the foot-stand, it

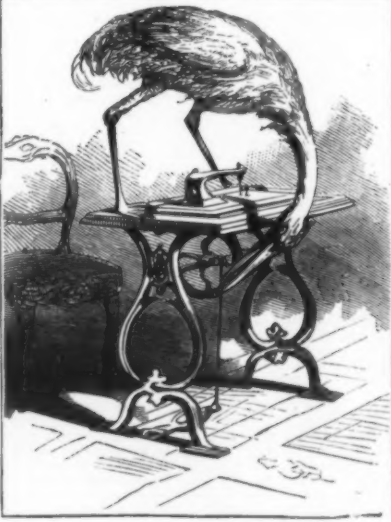


ALARMING ACCIDENT AT A MENAGERIE.

able the first day. It was only fair that he should get acquainted. So she introduced him to everybody. The next day, just before dinner, she told him to go ahead and be sociable. Instead of talking, however, he devoted himself to eating with an earnestness and devotion which, while it flattered the cock, bid fair to ruin the mistress. That same evening she had requested him to take the girls to a neighbor's and he plead an engagement. These things had surprised and displeased her. Mr. Patten here desired to know of the Justice whether "society," as he had used it in his advertisement, could be taken to mean carrying these homely girls to a party where he had to dance with them, since no once else would, and hugging a quarrelsome child up-stairs and sitting by him until he went to sleep? What true society meant they did not know. His quiet wit, his unobtrusive knowledge, was wasted on them. They wanted some one to sing comic songs, propose conundrums, and treat to the beer. He had been nurtured in a different school. His ideas of society were very different. "Yes, indeed," cried Mrs.



UNRAVELING.



NEW SEWING-MACHINE OPERATOR.



HOW A DOG GOT FIES.



A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

Barrett, "he could not even play the accordion." The Justice declined to give an opinion as to the value of Mr. Patien's society or what sort of society is an equivalent for board; but decided that he should have his clothes and leave the house.

An Exciting Bear-Hunt.

An exciting bear-hunt took place recently in the vicinity of Cogan's Station, near Williamsport, Pa., participated in by a party of young Nimrods, who had previously this winter killed a panther, four bears, and a wild-cat. One of the party tells the story of this last bear-hunt: Having found a hole filled with bears, they killed two—the first as he came out, the second at the entrance of the hole. Then, having pulled the second bear out, the narrator continues, thus: "No sooner had we got it out, when two more came out, as orderly as if they were going to a church, and then the fun commenced. Hey! mum grabbed both of them, one pulling up and the other down the hill. John Savage pitched in and helped. Over the logs, rocks, stumps, down the hill we went, pell-mell together, now bear up, now dog down, until all hands were mixed generally. We finally succeeded in getting them chained, and to the foot of the mountain, where we found a road, and drove them home, having killed two and captured two alive in two hours."

How a Dog Got Pies.

There is a dog in Worcester, Mass., which for some time past has amused and astonished the people of that good city. A man who goes habitually through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the plemman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not let him pass. The plemman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny and pointed to his master, who stood in the street-door and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master, by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the plemman, and received his pie. This traffic between the plemman and the grocer's dog has been daily practiced for several months.

Dull Trade in the West.

Mr. Rataplan, a Western "drummer" for Messrs. Thistle Bros. & Co., of Boston, and who has recently returned from a trip, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his return, said: "Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you did not approach the dealers in the right way; I used to be very successful in this line. Now, just suppose me to be Mr. Bigher, of Sellout, Illinois, and show me the way you introduce the house." Accordingly, Rataplan stepped out of the counting-room, and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring: "Is Mr. Bigher in?" "That is my name," said Thistle, urbanely. "My name is Rataplan, sir; I represent the firm of Thistle Brothers & Co., of Boston." Thistle, in his character of Western merchant, here offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure with seeing him. "I am stopping with Overcharge, at the Stickum House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples which I would like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages," etc. And Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech, in professional style. "Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but what you understand the way to get at customers." "Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Mr. Rataplan; "I am afraid you do not understand the style of Western merchants just now. Suppose you change places with me, and repeat this rehearsal." "Certainly," said Thistle; and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Rataplan with the chair tilted back, had cooked fiercely over the right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth. Thistle looked a little staggered, but, nevertheless, he continued: "Is Mr. Bigher in?" "Yes, he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes; "who the deuce are you?" "I represent the house of Thistle Brothers & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat. "The bazes you do; are you one of that concern?" "No, sir, I am not," said Thistle. "Well, it's mighty lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to a customer in my store for the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm darned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Sellout." "That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle; "I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull." We have changed the names of our story, but still it is illustrative of the facts.

Alarming Accident at a Menagerie.

Recently, at about twelve o'clock, after the dismissal of the public from the exhibition, a fearful howling, snarling, and general disturbance was heard in the tiger's compartment of Stevens's Menagerie, which had entered the town of Vicksburg, Miss., on the previous day. Immediately on hearing the noise, three of the keepers proceeded to the particular van in which were the cages of the bears and the tigers, and on examination they discovered that a large and powerful black bear had forced his way through the partition into the tiger's den. This latter was occupied by three young Bengal tigers, and it was found that a fearful combat was raging between the infuriated beasts, in which the bear appeared to be gaining the advantage. After vainly using every means to part the combatants, and to induce the bear to retire into his own quarters, the keepers determined that the only way to prevent a fearful catastrophe was to destroy the bear. Accordingly two of them loaded their fire-arms with slugs, and both discharged their pieces together, and shot the bear dead; whilst they at the same time wounded two of the tigers so severely that it is feared they will have to be destroyed. The value of the bear is estimated at about \$100, and of the tigers at from \$400 to \$500 each.

A Sagacious Horse.

We have from Philadelphia the following incident, tending to show the sagacity of the horse. During a fire recently in that city two or three of these animals were standing on Moyamensing avenue, above Greenwich street. The conflagration having been extinguished, the whistles of the steam-engines were blown, and signal taps made upon the bells or gongs attached to the different apparatus. One of the horses above alluded to belonged to the Southwark Horse Company. Upon the tapping of the bell of this apparatus the horse leisurely started from his position and walked in a stately style, as though proud of what he was doing. Upon reaching the apparatus he backed in on the right hand of the shaft, and waited there until he was geared. The sagacity of the horse is the more remarkable from the fact that he had to distinguish the tone of the Southwark's bell from the mingling of the bells generally.

HIPPOPHAGY.

For upward of nine years previous to his decease the late Monsieur Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the celebrated naturalist, had been endeavoring to combat the national prejudice against the use of horseflesh as human food; and it is owing no doubt in a great measure to his exertions that the sale of it has now been legalized in France; but it is only by degrees that this has been done, as some experiments were necessary as a preliminary step; and hence we find in 1861, in an account of a feast given at Algiers, a considerable number of high public functionaries, superior military officers, judges, and clergy, partook of a grand banquet in the saloon of the Theatre, the greater part of the dishes of which were composed of horse and ass flesh; the object of getting up the feast was to combat the popular prejudice against such food. The different dishes were dressed in the French style, and were declared excellent. One of them consisted of a young ass roasted whole.

After dinner, suitable toasts and speeches were delivered; one of the latter was by Monsieur Decroix, veterinary surgeon of the First Mounted Chasseurs, who maintained that horseflesh was very nutritious, and that the general adoption of it as an article of food would present many advantages.

Early in 1863, a Berlin journal states that there are now in the Prussian capital seven butchers' shops for the sale of horseflesh, and that seven hundred and fifty horses have been killed for their supply up to that time. No animal, however, can be slaughtered for these establishments without a certificate from the veterinary surgeon of the police. Such a precaution, however necessary as to horseflesh, would be advantageous equally with regard to both beef and mutton if the example was followed in this country, for it is not always easy to detect unwholesome flesh got up for the market, but any disease in an animal could hardly escape detection.

In 1864, the same Monsieur Decroix delivered a lecture at the Garden of Acclimatization of the Bois de Boulogne, on the Alimentary use of horseflesh. After showing by official data that the supply of butcher's meat of all kinds, which is so necessary to support the strength of man and enable him to bear fatigue and avert disease, is not equal to the demand, he proved that if the flesh of disabled horses was introduced into public consumption, it would increase the present supply of meat by at least one-twelfth, and that in Paris especially it might yield produce upward of two thousand six hundred kilograms of good meat, even admitting that one-third of the horses slaughtered were ejected on account of their diseased state, a proportion which he considered exaggerated. M. Decroix reminded the audience that the illustrious Larrey, in the course of his military career, had three times prescribed the use of horseflesh for his patients; and that in Egypt especially he had by the use of this aliment stopped a scorbutic affection which had broken out in the army.

More recently, in the Crimea, two companies of artillery had lived entirely on the flesh of unserviceable horses, and thereby escaped the diseases which afflicted the rest of the army; and at Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Altona, and other towns, horseflesh is eaten not only by the lower orders but by all classes of society.

In the *Independence* of the following account is given of an extraordinary banquet of horseflesh which took place early last year in Paris: "The courses were numerous, and in nearly all of them this strange delicacy was served up in various forms. After the dinner several toasts were proposed. M. de Quatreages, the president, opened the proceedings by calling on the company to drink to the memory of the late Monsieur Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the apostle of Hippophagy. Monsieur Decroix, in response to the health of the veterinary medical profession, declared that all the horses whose flesh had been eaten at this dinner were old and miserably thin beasts, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and that none of them had cost more than forty francs, and one as little as eighteen francs. Immense applause followed this announcement; for it was considered that if such aged horses produced such good meat, what might not be expected from five or six year olds? M. Homon, of the *Pays*, put in the claims of the ass, and of the mule, to the honors of the cuisine. M. Barra, who proposed Public Education, recommended it as the means of dispelling prejudice and repugnance from the notion of horse-eating; and M. Georges Bell, of the *Presse*, said that horseflesh was no novelty. All who partook of the singular meal are said to have been perfectly satisfied, many of them having never before tasted it."

It is some satisfaction to find from this statement that age does not detract from the quality of the flesh, for it must be clear that rarely any but aged horses would be thus made use of. Nor does leanness act as an impediment where good cookery does its work, so that if younger animals were dressed up with equal skill, it is only natural to suppose that the flavor would be more exquisite. Truly the hippophagists may be right after all, and if so, good-by, alas! to the roast beef of Old England.

NAPOLEON III.

There can be little doubt that the present Emperor of the French cherishes toward the House of Orleans a feeling of hatred and revenge. Toward himself Louis Philippe committed the unpardonable sin. He strove, after Strasbourg and Boulogne, to hold him up to the scorn of France. He did his best to render him contemptible; and but for the timely clap-net at Louis Napoleon's trial, and the remarkable essays he published during his confinement, the crafty old king would have gained his end.

No efforts were spared to cover the Prince with that ridicule which, among Frenchmen, is as fatal as a bullet through the brain. The alleged concealment in a bathing-machine; the fugitive captured in his shirt and drawers; the steamer that stuck in the mud; the imperialist uniforms purchased of an old clothesman; the same eagle that took refuge in a sausage-shop. All these elements of the ludicrous were assiduously dwelt upon to the detriment of the pretender.

It took a long series of years to cure people of the fashion of laughing at "the nephew of his uncle;" indeed the world went on thinking him a half-witted buffoon, until, one fine morning, it was discovered that he was the deepest and craftiest of living politicians, and one of whom every nation in Europe, save Britain, which fears no man, might be afraid.

When Louis Philippe, after a troubled career of fraud and duplicity, fell, having amassed millions of francs and millions of curses, an even-handed justice commended to his own lips the poisoned chalice of scorn which he had forced upon the young Bonaparte. He fell from the throne in the midst of a blaze of ignominy. He was drummed out of France to the music of the rogue's march. His long English experience could not suggest to him a name for an incognito less hackneyed than "Smith;" and as "Mr. Smith;" and without his wig, he ran away like a thief in the night, leaving his children in the lurch, and mumbling to himself "Comme Charles Dix, comme Charles Dix!"

The revenge which the man he had most injured took upon him was eminently calm, cool, slow, and characteristic. I do not speak of the prosecution of the Orleans family, or of the partial confiscation of their property. Those were merely measures of political tit-for-tat. The Bourbons had thus done the amiable for the Bonapartes, and the Orleans for the Bourbons. When the turn of the Bonapartes came round again, they only showed they were not behind-hand in politeness. But the revenge of Napoleon III. had a far greater stomach. It was his business to obliterate the very memory of the dynasty of July. He not only de-

molished the structure of Orleansism, but he sowed its site with salt. He made its name a noise, and its renown a vain sound; and men asked where the monuments of the reign of Louis Philippe were to be found, as they might have asked for the site of Tyre or of Carthage.

Napoleon turned on the main of the waters of oblivion and the banished family were at once submerged. At present they are not so much hated as forgotten in France. It seems a thousand years ago since Louis Philippe, king of the French, walked down the Rue de la Paix with a tri-colored cockade in his hat and a cotton umbrella under his arm, and was saluted as "the modern Ulysses" and the "Napoleon of peace." But the Napoleon of Magenta and Solferino has completely succeeded in wiping his predecessor out.

"Le vaillant coq Gaulois,
Grattant sur le fumier,
A fait sortir le roi
Louis Philippe Premier,
Qui, par juste reconnaissance
L'a mis dans les armes de la France."

Thus ran the biting satire penned against the Citizen-king when I was a boy. Nappi on III. has pitchedforked the Gallic cock out of the French scutcheon, and the discredited bird may crow where he list, for there is none to listen to him. You have heard of a hen with one chick; but the French empire may be compared to a chick with one N. The imperial brand—the N.—is everywhere; from the Rue de la Paix to the Rue de l'Ecu, from Marseilles to Strasbourg, from the Pyrenees to the Alps.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

How to make a hole in your income—pay a large rent.

WHICH can smell a rat the quickest, the man who knows the most or the one who has the most nose?

THE key to the mother's heart is the baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock all the pantries of the house.

A VERMONT teacher asked his primary class, what makes the sea salt. A bright little urchin replied: "Because it is full of codfish, sir."

My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Matrimony.

AN anti-hymeneal punster says that the recriminations of married people resemble the sounds of the waves on the seashore—being the murmurs of the tied.

A HUNGRY friend said at Brummel's table, after the beau had fallen in fortune, that nothing was better than cold beef.

"I beg your pardon," replied Brummel, "cold beef is better than nothing."

A RECRUIT, who was going through the sword exercises, after having learned the cuts, asked how he had to parry the cuts of the enemy. The sergeant answered: "Never mind the parrying; only you cut, and let the other party parry."

A MAN exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a dollar I have got the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company; "what's your name?"

"Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other; "my name is Harder."

TWO FELLOWS were disputing about their respective claims to distinction on the score of ancestry, when a third stepped in and said: "I rather think my ancestors made more noise in the world than either of you; my father was a drummer, and my mother cried oysters."

DURING a brief term of court held by Judge Hall at Martinsburg, Va., several applications were made for naturalization papers. Among the applicants was a native of "Fadarland." He took with him a German friend to prove his residence in the country. Of this witness the Judge asked:

"Do you know the applicant, Mr. —?" "Yes, I well know him." "Is his moral character good?" "Oh, yes, yes, Shudge, he's all right—he votes mit us."

GAMBLING in grain is speculating in a lot o' rye.

WHEN a joker dies, what kind of a vehicle does he make?—A wag-gone.

WHEN have married people passed through the alphabet of love?—When they reach the ba-be.

AN advertiser in one of our exchanges wants "a young to take charge of a span of horses of a religious turn of mind."

"HAVE you much fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman, who was returning. "Yes, a good eel," was the rather slippery reply.

SUPPOSE a queen resolves to pare her thumb nails only once in seven years, why is that year like the said queen's robe of office? Because it is her pare-off-her-nail-year. A patent is applied for.

AN author, who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his perusal, calling on him for his opinion of the piece, Foote returned the play with a grave face, saying:

"Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at."

A THIN, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in New York, and inquired:

"Ish to man in vat insurances de people's helts?"

The agent answered: "I attend to that business."

"Vell, I want mine helts insahured. Vot you shargel?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year. Pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I want ten dollar vert."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all to time. I's shut out of bed two or three hours a day, unt is doctor say he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I's a fool. Vot you tink I come pay you ten dollars for insahure my helts ven I vas vell?"

(From "The Ladies Home," Atlanta, Ga.)

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Agents will please enlarge their orders in advance, as the great popularity of the work will require a large amount of the first number.

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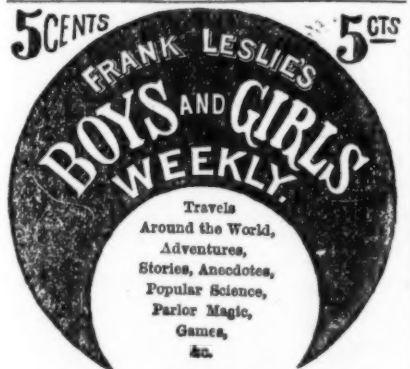
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Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 10 lb by purchasing their Teas of the

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Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey-st., Cor. of Church.
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The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we

will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package, and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by Express to collect on delivery.

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Yours, with respect,

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2 lb Imperial.....	James Hornby.....	\$1 25..	\$2 50
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3 lb Young Hyson.....	Mrs. L. Hicks.....	1 25..	3 75
5 lb Young Hyson.....	F. Wilder.....	1 25..	6 25
4 lb Young Hyson.....	E. Loomis.....	1 25..	5 00
3 lb Young Hyson.....	C. Sackett.....	1 25..	3 75
2 lb Imperial.....	C. Sackett.....	1 25..	2 50
5 lb Young Hyson.....	James Conaro.....	1 25..	6 25
1 lb Young Hyson.....	H. D. Montgomery.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Uncol'd Japan.....	H. D. Montgomery.....	1 25..	1 25
4 lb Young Hyson.....	Samuel Houshon.....	1 25..	5 00
5 lb Young Hyson.....	Wm. L. Hornby.....	1 25..	6 25
5 lb Young Hyson.....	C. Waitman.....	1 25..	6 25
1 lb Young Hyson.....	H. Andrews.....	1 25..	1 25
1 lb Young Hyson.....	T. Pyle.....	1 25..	1 25
2 lb Imperial.....	M. Johnson.....	1 25..	2 50
2 lb Imperial.....	J. O. Smith.....	1 25..	1 50

Total.....\$60 00

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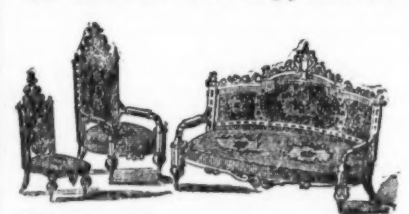
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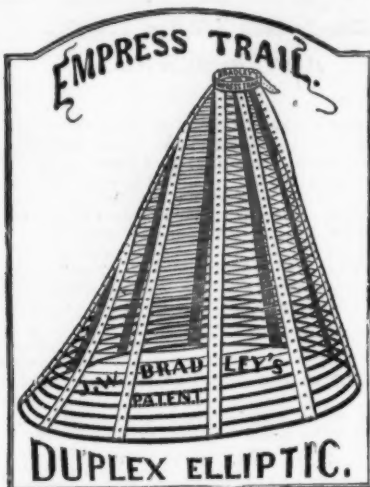
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